

**Short stories and reminiscences of the last fifty years.
By an old traveller. a machine-readable transcription.**

SHORT STORIES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

TWO VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

In accordance with custom, some information will be expected by way of preface, to explain the object in publishing these volumes; beside, it will also be quite proper, as an introduction, to speak of the nature and tendency of their composition.

The matter is essentially episodical in all its parts, and contains much that is personal, which could not well be given in a connected narrative. Much of it is also strictly true in all the details, but some parts of it are occasionally embellished with expressions which vi are not in accordance with the exact truth, but which could not be well avoided without marring the vigour and vitality of the incidents related.

Again, some of the tales,—the outlines of them were communicated, and some are fictitious creations; and I shall not pay so poor a compliment to the reader's discernment, as to point out those which are real, and those which are fictitious. But whether real or fictitious, I have lost my aim in the composition of them, if they have not a moral tendency.

My first inducement to prepare them for publication, was the prospect of having an interest in a periodical of much and long standing; and when disappointed in that, I concluded to publish them in the form now seen. They are of unequal length and necessarily of unequal interest, still as a whole, I trust they will amuse those who are not too fastidious to be pleased. I have no pretensions to vii great learning; and if the work has any merits, it will not rest on such an acquirement. Simply and unpretendingly they are given to the public. All that I solicit is a liberal and candid examination: not of a part, but the whole—not a cursory, but a considerate reading.

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When *La Sage* wrote his inimitable *Gil Blas*, he prefixed to it the following brief but pertinent story. It powerfully illustrates the folly of forming a too hasty judgment, and the want of a proper and careful examination.

Two scholars, in their way from Pennafiel to Salamanca, being thirsty and fatigued, sat down by a spring they met with on the road: there, while they rested themselves, after having quenched their thirst, they perceived, by accident, upon a stone that was even with the surface of the earth, some letters, already half effaced by time and the feet of flocks that came to water at the fountain: having washed it, they read these words in viii the Castilian tongue; “ *Here is interred the soul of the licentiate Peter Garcias.* ” The younger of the two students being a pert coxcomb, no sooner read this inscription, than he said, with a loud laugh, “A good joke, i'faith! here is interred the soul,—a soul interred! Who the devil could be the author of such a wise epitaph?” So saying, he got up and went away; while his companion, who was blest with a greater sham Of penetration, said to himself “there is certainly some mystery in this affair; I'll stay, in order to unriddle it.” Accordingly, his comrade was no sooner out of sight, than he began to dig with his knife all round the stone; and succeeded so well, that he got it up, and found beneath it a leathern purse, containing a hundred ducats, and a card, on which was written the following sentence, in Latin: “ *Whosoever thou art, who hast wit enough to discover the meaning of the inscription, inherit my money, and make a ix better use of it than I have done.* ” The scholar, rejoiced at his good fortune, placed the stone in its former situation, and walked home to Salamanca, with the soul of the licentiate.

Of what complexion soever thou mayest be, friendly reader, thou wilt certainly resemble one of those two scholars; for, if thou perusest my adventures without perceiving the moral instruction they contain, thou wilt reap no harvest from thy labour; but, if thou readest with attention, thou wilt find in them, according to the precept of Horace, profit mingled with pleasure.

SHORT STORIES, &c.

THE PEST HOUSE.

More than forty years ago, before the discovery of the kinexox, it was the laudable custom in Connecticut, to send the younger branches of the family to be inoculated for the smallpox. There were several establishments scattered through the State where, under the care and direction of well established and reputable physicians, by paying a small sum, comparatively, a regular course of inoculation, sickness, and recovery, was carried on. Sometimes a whole family of children were sent to the *Pest House*, as it was universally called, to go through with this course of *prevention*. There was no distinction made in the sexes; the females were as regularly prepared for mixing with the world, and to encounter this scourge of humanity, as the males. 2

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Among a number, as already observed, scattered through the State, there was none that enjoyed a higher reputation for skill, and other professional requisites, than that of Dr. Crafts of Oxford. In other practice, he stood deservedly at the head of a well educated and instructed body of physicians. The uniform success, which attended the practice at Dr. Crafts' *Pest House* gave to the establishment great popularity; and for thirty miles around, the custom was general, to send all the children so soon as they were of sufficient age, to receive the benefits of a diploma from Dr. Crafts.

There was a general belief, that the smallpox could be communicated a considerable distance, through the agency of the wind; and the popular credulity went so far, as to believe that it had been so communicated often to innocent people travelling past buildings where the disease prevailed, even though situated half a mile from where the poison had been inhaled. Be that as it may, good care had been taken by the worthy Doctor of Oxford to have his establishment far away from the public roads, and from any dwelling where by possibility the infection could reach.

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The site selected for the building was on a gentle slope of an eminence that in about a mile terminated in an abrupt and fearful precipice. The general aspect of the whole surrounding country is rugged and bold; and 13 much of it, for miles around, is only a fit home for wild beasts of the forests. It would be difficult to find a more sterile, uncultivable district of country than that which had been chosen for the domicil of smallpox patients under the care of the popular physician at the head of this establishment.

The Nauguatuck, a branch of the Housatonick river, at times a rapid and turbulent stream, is among the interesting objects that help to form a wild and picturesque scene, surpassed in grandeur by few inland views. Indeed, from the summit of the mountain already spoken of, there is a picture which, when illuminated with the last rays of the setting sun, would richly pay an able landscape painter to copy it.

The artist could embrace a portion of the village, which stands on the east side, with the bridge that crosses the Nauguatuck river; which can be seen for miles wending its way through broken, craggy, and barren precipices; on whose stupendous and rocky sides are legitimately stamped the hand that formed them. How puny and insignificant are all human creations when compared with His whose bands laid the foundations of the earth!

The time selected for our inoculation was early in the spring, and the immediate cause of our going there was that a Mr. Hines, a poor but respectable inhabitant, had 14 been on a visit to New. York, and had exposed himself to this infectious disease.

The fact that he had thus exposed himself, and his own and constantly repeated declarations that the seeds of the disease were already planted in his system, caused, as it always will in a country town, considerable excitement. It was not easy to measure the magnitude of the evil if through any neglect of precautionary duty it should break out through Mr. Hine's instrumentality among a healthy community. It soon spread from house to house that Mr. H. was going to the *Pest House*, and with him a considerable number of middle aged and young people, all to have the smallpox by inoculation under

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the care of Dr. Crafts of Oxford. There was a company of nearly a dozen who had agreed to accompany Mr. H. in exiling themselves for a certain space of time from their friends and society; and my family determined that I should avail myself of so good an opportunity and join them.

I have already remarked that Mr. Hines was a respectable man, although a poor one; and I now add that he was rich in the faith that was once delivered to the saints;—he was a pious and exemplary Christian. It is a matter of astonishment, and which philosophy will labour in vain to explain, why this man should know so certainly as he did that the infection had made a lodgement in his system, and that he should not survive the sickness! Others, quite as liable as himself, and equally exposed, and at the same time too did not apprehend the least danger. Some that were in the company with him at the time the disease was communicated, did not believe in any danger, and refused even to be inoculated. And yet this man was selected out as the victim to be offered up by the inscrutable and divine fiat of the Omnipotent Creator! Mysterious Providence!

“He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?” This man took leave of his family and friends, with the certainty, which could only have been communicated to him by divine inspiration,—that they would never meet again on this side of eternity. His manner was such as none but the humble follower of his Redeemer could assume; it was the resignation of a Christian!

It was customary on occasions of this kind, to hire a servant or waiter who had had the smallpox, to wait and attend upon the club. The one selected for our use was complete in every requisite, so far as tact and knowledge of attending and waiting were concerned; and that being all that was looked for on the present occasion, his other accomplishments and attainments were overlooked. His name was *Delevan*. He had no 2* 16 particular calling. He had been a soldier, he said, in the regular army; but not to be censorious, I suppose that if the truth was all told, he never graced any other uniform than that of a waiter to a commanding officer. Certain it was that he retained a uniform of that kind;

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and on a general muster of the troops, he was usually hired to wait upon the general officers; this same uniform being always brought into requisition on these occasions. His person was small,—much under the common size,—but active as a cat. And if general suspicion could be trusted in stamping a trait of character, was not unlike that animal in certain propensities; and also like it indulged them when opportunity offered. If chickens disappeared in the night from a neighbouring roost, or a farmer missed a sheep from the fold, which had disappeared on some particularly dark and stormy night, Delevan was always suspected. It was said and generally believed, that Doctor T— had detected him in breaking into his house; but that Delevan had appeared him in some mysterious way quite satisfactory to the Doctor, but incomprehensible to the gossips about town. In short, he was a clever and highly accomplished rascal. Every body liked and praised him for his cleverness, and every body knew or believed him to be a thief. Such was the man selected by our company to wait upon us during our confinement.

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It was also customary on these occasions to be prepared with an old or inferior suit of clothes, that might be destroyed, without much sacrifice, when the term of confinement should end. Being thus armed at all points for this salutary and important ceremony, the troop left M— early one sunny bright morning in March, with a single carriage to carry the baggage, all buoyant with hope and youth, except poor H. I can look back through a vista of more than forty years, with a distinct recollection of the visible effects of the “spirit warring with the flesh,” which was exhibited in this man's countenance while parting with his relations and friends. There was a married sister of his, a Mrs. Bebee, who lived on the road, to whom he was particularly attached. It was a painful but exceedingly interesting scene—the parting of the brother and sister. Her tears flowed freely without any attempt to restrain them; while in his countenance was seen the resignation of the Christian, blended with the strong but subdued feelings of earthly affections. And although I sympathized strongly with them, I was not old enough then fully to comprehend the requisite mental and moral courage necessary to be endowed with, to bid adieu forever to affectionate relatives.

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Leave taking for eternity is distressing enough when soothed and softened by nature's stern decree of incurable diseases; but in active 18 strong health to part forever from those we love, seems beyond any effort that I am capable of making.

On reaching the place of destination, we were ushered into a long, low brown building, surrounded on all sides by stately trees, cotemporary from their appearance with primeval formations. The building faced to the south, and was divided into three about equal compartments. The east end was used for the men's sleeping room; the middle was the eating and sitting room; and the west end was appropriated for the use of the female patients. There was no cooking done in the building; the whole of that was done at the Doctor's dwelling, and sent in large tin buckets with covers. Milk was the principal food, varied with toast, mush, rice, &c., without butter. It cannot be denied but that, such as it was, we had food enough allowed us: but it was the cheapest and simplest that could be procured. During the three weeks or more that I was a patient, I do not recollect of any meat or butter that was furnished us. And indeed the practice at that time, as well as the price which we each of us paid, precluded any thing but the simplest and cheapest food. If my recollection be good, the whole fee and support was only seven dollars for the term.

On the top of the precipice or mountain already spoken of, was a large single rock, round, or nearly so, and 19 weighing perhaps twenty or thirty tons, which had been placed there by some singular freak of nature, between the apex and brow of the precipice. It was a favourite employment and amusement with us to disturb the equilibrium of this stupendous mass of matter; and to endeavour, if practicable, to plunge it into the abyss below. If we could have once given it motion, it would have descended several hundred feet, crushing to atoms every obstacle that opposed its passage to the bottom. It was larger than many dwellings I have seen that afforded ample accommodation to a good-sized family. We cut down large saplings, which were trimmed into levers, and all hands were frequently summoned to man them to upset this gigantic rock into the valley below. But it was all

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love's labour lost. There was not weight enough in the whole concern, to make the least impression.

Another favourite amusement was trapping rabbits. The hills in the vicinity were admirably adapted to be a fitting home for this animal. Our traps were of truly domestic manufacture. It is remarkable that when people are debarred from participating in the usual concerns of life, what an interest is given to matters which in their nature are of little or no consequence. Cut off as we were from all intercourse with the world around us, a rabbit trap became an exciting topic; and as much emulation and ambition were excited among us in the success of this pursuit, as if a fortune depended upon it, or that a reputation was either to be lost or gained in the ratio of success or defeat. This active principle of the mind has induced persons to cultivate an interest for and intimacy with mice, spiders, and even particular flies have been selected as recipients of larger favours than their companions.

The triumphant shout of the successful trapper as he returned from the examination of his gin, while at the same time he nestled the poor timid creature in the recesses of his ample overcoat, is still strongly stamped upon the tablet of my memory. On these occasions our little community was as much excited and agitated as a Congress of nations convened to decide the fate of empires. And why not? We gave all our heart and mind for the time being to the matter that we had in hand, and they could do no more.

When we were not more usefully employed, we had "lots of fun" out of *Delevan*. He was literally a "Jack of all trades and good at none." He had, however, other accomplishments beside those already enumerated; and if they were not of a nature to reflect credit upon the possessor, they were lavishly used for our amusement. He excelled in all kinds of legerdemain tricks, and was as active, and could spring as far as a monkey. When the weather permitted it, the windows were left open to ventilate the rooms. This fellow would bound into one window and out at the one opposite on all fours with incredible celerity, — more indeed like an agile quadruped than a human being.

I have already stated that his person was small, considerably under the common height. His complexion was a light brown, evidently produced by exposure to the weather; while the wrinkles which furrowed a thin hatchet-face, gave a remarkably curious expression to two as fine deep blue eyes as ever graced the head of a better man. In short, his obliging and affable demeanour, with a corresponding contour of face, puts to flight all the accumulated rules of *Lavater*. In the estimation of a stranger, he would have been exempted from all suspicion of what he really was.

To go back to the history of poor Hines. The evening that we arrived at the Doctor's mansion, before taking up our domicile at the Pest House, we were all inoculated, Mr. H. among the rest. He stated briefly to the Doctor the time and place of the exposure he had undergone in New-York, and his firm and unalterable conviction that he had imbibed the poison at that time; and that before the inoculation could take place, it would make its appearance in the natural way, and that he should not survive the sickness. Vain were the 22 soothing and consolations administered in doubts and hypotheses, of various suggestions, he remained immovable in his conviction that speedy death was his portion.

In a few days, just about the time the symptoms of our inoculation became apparent, and none appeared on him, he began to sicken, and in a very short time he was covered from head to foot with the pox, and soon swelled to such a painful extent as to obliterate every other appearance. His eyes were buried out of sight; and his breathing became exceedingly difficult and distressing, and so charged with fetid exhalations as to make it next to impossible to remain in the same room. His sufferings must have been distressing beyond any thing that a well person can conceive of. He lingered along several days before death terminated his sufferings. And when this took place, what a mass of corruption his body presented! I have seen death in various forms, the worst of yellow fever cases, but I have never seen since, any remnant of humanity in so disgusting a light

THE MANIAC.

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There is hardly a calamity that can be conceived which flesh is heir to, so overwhelming in magnitude as the loss of reason. All other misfortunes find mitigations of some kind, and dwindle into insignificance when contrasted with this greatest scourge of the human race. Poverty, carrying sorrows and mortifications in its train, is soothed and sustained by religion; and so indeed is every other calamity cheered and softened by the same heavenly consideration. But the maniac, a confirmed lunatic, is a curse to himself and friends, and is immeasurably beyond the reach of these consolations that attend upon other miseries. There are, however, various degrees of insanity; some so slight that the aberration is scarcely perceived; and 3 24 indeed it is very much to be doubted whether any are strictly sane who err from the path of wisdom.

For example, take the young man of fortune with the intoxicating cup just from his lips, reeling and rolling in his midnight orgies, and is he sane? Take the hard labouring poor man, indulging his appetite in more humble potations which he calls refreshments; spending a portion of his hard earnings in the demoralizing liquid, to the injury of his own health and the welfare of his wife and children, and say, is he a sane man? Thousands of cases might be named which exist in every community, that has a near resemblance to aberrations of reason. Philosophically viewed, the gradations are nice; and it would be a difficult matter to determine who is sane and who is not when judged by any other standard than the oracles of Infinite Wisdom.

That there are numerous madmen walking about the streets, and performing many of the common duties of life, will not be denied by those who aim to regulate and govern their own conduct by Divine Revelation. And yet, such is the weakness and fallibility of poor human nature, that these same are guilty before God in daily acts of sin, both of omission and commission, and are wanderers from the standard of perfection. There is then no such thing as perfect goodness in fallen man, 25 and consequently there is no such thing as real sanity to be found short of heaven.

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Among many of those that are confirmed lunatics, it is very curious to notice how perfectly rational they appear on all subjects but that which has dethroned their reason. I recollect accompanying the physician of the hospital department of the Philadelphia poor house, in one of his visits to the different cells, where these poor unfortunate creatures were confined. One young man, who was confined by chains and a straight jacket, was sitting very quietly on the side of his bed, and to the inquiry of the doctor how he felt himself, he very mildly replied that he felt pretty well, but that he was not well pleased with his confinement; and, said he, "Doctor, I think you are unnecessarily severe with me. I know that I am not perfectly well, and require medical treatment, but there is no necessity for this rigid confinement. If I could have the use of my arms I should feel better satisfied." "Well, well!" said the doctor, "I hope that you will be well enough soon to leave the place altogether; and in a day or two, Dr. Gordon (his associate) will return, and we will consult together, and see if you are then well enough to have the use of your arms." My sympathies were so strongly excited, that I was preparing in my mind a warm solicitation that the man might be let loose, as I cordially united with him in feeling that he was unnecessarily confined; that it was great cruelty to do so, and that the doctor was hardly better than an unfeeling brute to treat a man so meek and gentle so unkindly. In short, I began to lose some portion of my respect and consideration of the doctor. We were on the eve of leaving this cell, and near the door, out of his, the maniac's reach, when the doctor observed, turning his head toward me, "The election you say takes place to-morrow?" I had no time to answer, even had I comprehended the remark, before there came such a burst of invective and denunciation against the doctor as made my hair stand on end. It was the most awful imprecation that language could clothe it in, and it seemed as if the poor demented creature had been studying it as a lesson, it flowed so easily.

It appeared that this man was *politically* mad. He had so far identified himself with the question of the Presidency, that at last he came to the wise conclusion that he himself was a fit candidate for that office, and ought to be elected; and that his views and fair prospects had been frustrated by the doctor.

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There lived in Prince George's County, Maryland, a Mr. F., a gentleman of easy fortune and well educated, who had withal a good person, and would have been considered a good match with any lady in the land. With all the advantages of a good estate, good person, 27 and a well cultivated intellect, he unfortunately placed his affections on a lady who could not reciprocate them. This was a shock that his warm imagination could not stand. He became melancholy, wandered about careless of his duties, and finally became a confirmed maniac. For a long time his insanity was harmless, producing no other inconvenience than that occasioned by the time and attention of a servant to watch his movements, and see to his wants and comforts. The great respectability of the family, and his peculiar misfortune, excited a general commiseration throughout the community. The best medical advice was obtained that could be found far and near, but no amelioration was visible, and all hope of saving an estimable man was relinquished in despair. Things continued in this state for several months, when he exhibited symptoms of decided maliciousness, and became a terror to the whole neighbourhood. It was evident that it was no longer safe or proper to expose his friends and neighbours to the consequences of an outbreak, that might be hourly expected; and by the advice of Doctor B, the family physician, he was confined to the house. The disorder increased, and nothing was left but the painful necessity of applying a chain and a straight jacket.

The dwelling, one of those old-fashioned story and a half, with sundry additional wings, and a kitchen on the 3^d 28 back of it, the like of which may be seen throughout the southern country, was divided by a large wide hall. The front room on the right hand was the one in which the unfortunate gentleman was confined. His sister, elder than himself, was the housekeeper. On every visit the doctor was particular before he left to caution the sister not to be persuaded to let him loose. His pleadings to be freed were eloquent, and often distressing, especially to an affectionate sister. He persuaded her at one time that he had recovered his lost sense, and was as free from any complaint as she was, and so she told the doctor. It was on this as on several other occasions that she could only be satisfied that it would be dangerous to loose him by the evidence of ocular observation,

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which the doctor was able to set before her by touching with his skilful hand the wound, when it would bleed afresh.

On one occasion the doctor, in consequence of an alarm in the neighbourhood, occasioned by some runaway slaves, had put his pistols in his pocket, intending that if in his ride he should fall in with the runaways to capture them. On arriving at the patient's residence, as usual, he let himself in, without giving the family notice, and proceeded to open the door of the room where the sick man was confined. Not seeing him in the usual place and where he had been confined, the doctor halted; with 29 his left hand he held to the door, and peered into the other parts of the room as far as he could without leaving his hold of the door. After deliberating a short time, he made up his mind that the maniac had made his escape, by some unaccountable means, and had left the house. Having arrived at this conclusion, he let go his hold on the door, and walked into the room. He said the moment he passed in, the door was suddenly closed upon him with a quickness and energy that made him quake; and with the same rapidity it was locked. There stood the maniac, who had armed himself for the occasion with a large oaken slab, which had been left in his room without proper reflection, though no one could have anticipated such a state of things. The first salutation was, "You d—d rascal, I have got you at last! I intend, however, to be merciful, and I give you one minute, and only one minute, to say your prayers." He stood with his club raised, in an attitude to strike, whenever his diseased mind should prompt the blow.

The doctor quietly drew out one of his pistols, and with all the firmness and determination that he could throw into the action, said, "I will not give you one moment, you scoundrel; put down that club this instant, or I will blow your brains out without the least hesitation!"

As the club slowly descended toward the floor, he said, 30 " *Why, doctor, you did not think me in earnest, did you? Bless your heart, I would not harm you!* "

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In one instant, from exhibiting the fury of the tiger, he became as gentle as a lamb—suffered himself to be chained and to have the straight jacket put on, without there being any necessity for calling in aid to assist.

The causes which produce insanity are as inscrutable as its effects are upon the subjects of it. *Shakspeare*, who was gifted beyond all other men that ever lived, with a knowledge of the inscrutable and various passions which agitate and control our natures, has depicted the workings of insanity in some of its wonderful varieties with a master's hand. *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Ophelia*, were mad indeed with various hues, but *Hamlet* and *Edgar* assumed the habiliments of it to deceive others. I am quite well aware, that able critics and learned commentators have not agreed as to whether Shakspeare intended to draw the character of Hamlet as mad, or only *seemingly* so; still I think that those who will study the character attentively, will be satisfied that Hamlet assumed his madness for the occasion. This is not the time nor the place to enter into a discussion upon this point; but I cannot resist the temptation to produce a proof or two that I am correct in assuming the fact that Hamlet only feigns himself mad For instance, he tells Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, 31 who were sent from the King and Queen to find out what his motives and objects were, that they are welcome: “but,” says he, “my uncle father and aunt mother are deceived.”

Guil. “In what, my lord?”

Ham. “*I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hearndshaw.*”

Again, in the scene with Polonius, who comes to request Hamlet to go to his mother, who wishes to speak to him, he puts a question to Polonius, evidently intending to keep up the delusion in the prime minister's mind.

Pol. “My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.”

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Ham. "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

Pol. "By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed."

Ham. "Methinks, it is like a weasel."

Pol. "It is backed like a weasel."

Ham. "Or, like a whale."

Pol. "Very like a whale."

Ham. "Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.— *They fool me to the top of my bent.* "

In this scene it is equally evident that Polonius thinks him mad, and his replies are intended as good-naturedly humouring his malady. To return from this digression.

I knew a Creole French gentleman, a Mr. Nesté, many 32 years since, from Gaudaloupe, who came to this country for amusement and recreation for only a few summer months. He took board in a country town about ten miles from New-Haven. To this city he made frequent visits on a spirited and noble horse, which he purchased for that purpose, and to ride about in other parts of the country. The first intimation of his insanity was running the noble beast the whole distance from New-Haven on a hot summer's day. He arrived at the village in great disorder, cheering and swinging his hat, with various antics, arresting the attention of all who witnessed his return. The delirium continued to increase, till he became perfectly frantic, and there was no safety with him but in being chained. Nothing soothed him but flowers. He delighted to deck himself with them. He formed with them a crown, in shape and fashion of those which the Romans made of oaken leaves, with which to crown their heroes. He filled his coat and vest button-holes with them. When thus fantastically arrayed, he would not be quiet without paying visits to the different people with whom he had formed acquaintance before his insanity. He continued in this state till his friends

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came and took him to France, where, under the judicious treatment of a skilful physician, he was completely restored to reason.

My neighbour, Mr. R., was a merchant of great respectability, 33 who had married into one of the best Virginia families, and was mild, and of much suavity in his intercourse with his friends and acquaintance. He was a director in one of the banks, and if you wanted in time of trouble or difficulty advice, there was no one you would have sooner selected than Mr. R. Always affable and courteous, it would have been difficult to have selected a more unlikely subject of insanity than this gentleman. When it was first rumoured that Mr. R. had become delirious, it was scarcely credited by any one. It was known, certainly, that he had been confined to his house for some few days by indisposition; and, after a short time, he gave the lie to the rumour by making his appearance in his business and among his friends as usual. But his manners were changed. Instead of that benignant and delightful smile, and gentle voice, which characterized his former intercourse, he had become sad and snappish. He set out for the north for the purpose of replenishing his stock of goods; but after reaching Baltimore he returned, without accomplishing his object. He was taken sick a second time, and it was not long before he required watching? the evidences of his insanity left no longer any doubt. He was removed to Baltimore to the Insane Hospital, and after a residence of some months he returned home much better; the aberrations were so slight as scarcely 34 to be noticed. Strong hopes were now entertained among his friends and extensive connexions that he would recover entirely, but they proved delusive. It was found necessary to confine him in a straight jacket, &c. I had a connection who had taken charge of his business, a stout young man, whom he liked and whom he feared, but his inclination to mischief would get the better of all other considerations. On one occasion he pretended to Mr. N. that something had lodged in between his back teeth, with a request that he would put his finger into his mouth and pull it out; but having strong suspicions that all was not right, from some expression of his maliciousness, he prepared himself with a hard substance, about the size of his finger, which he inserted at the same time, and by this contrivance saved his finger from the bite that was intended. A poor barber

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who shaved him was not so fortunate. Tonsure had finished his job and was on the point of leaving the room, when Mr. R. requested him to do him a favour, by removing with his finger something that lodged between his back teeth. He bit his finger nearly off, and would not quit his hold till the cries of the poor barber brought relief.

He was again sent to the Insane Hospital at Baltimore, and was again, after being partially cured, very injudiciously permitted to return home. He had become 35 exceedingly troublesome to his family and friends. He had to be watched night and day. He suffered very much in body as well as in a distempered mind. The neighbours, two at a time, watched with him alternately. When my turn came, I had for a companion a friend, Mr. B., quite a stout man; for I was no match for Mr. R. alone. I took with me one of Sir Waiter's new novels to amuse, and a large sword-cane with which to defend myself, if necessary. The weather was quite warm, and the room in which we were with the poor maniac was in the third story, with the windows open. I had placed my sword-cane near one of the windows, and for the convenience of reading without the lights being flared by the breeze, the table was directly opposite on the other side of the room, and the bed in the middle. Mr. R. seemed in great pain and restless—was up and down every two minutes, and frequently asked for water.

There was a celebrated pump, famed for good water, called Doctor O.'s pump, situated about two hundred yards from Mr. R.'s house, in which we were. I was intent on my book, without heeding all that passed between my friend and the patient. I overheard him say several times that the water was too warm; he could not drink it; and that he should be exceedingly gratified if he could have a drink fresh from the famous pump which 436 stood by Doctor O.'s door; but I had no conception that my friend would be so very imprudent as to leave me alone, without consultation, and go so great a distance as to be beyond a call. However, the first notice I had of his going was his closing the room door after him. I began to quake, when I found myself alone with Mr. R. I was leaning back in the chair, resting the back of it on the table, with the book directly before my face. As soon as Mr. B. had left the room he stopped groaning. I looked carefully over the top of the

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book, as he lay on the bed, to watch his movements. He had raised himself on one elbow, in the attitude of listening, and as soon as he heard the street door closed, he sprang from the bed with the rapidity and energy of a tiger springing upon his prey. His eyes glared and flashed like two balls of fire. He stood over me with awful denouncements; I sat perfectly still, for two good reasons: the first was, I had heard that the least exhibition of fear was sure to encourage violence; and the second, I was so thoroughly imbued with fear that I had not strength to move. My heart beat so violently, it seemed to me that the thumps might be heard across the room. All I said, for more I could not and dared not, was, "Are you not ashamed to talk of taking away a neighbour's life, whose only business here is to do you a kindness? For shame! Mr. R., for shame!" To all his 37 terrible threats, my only answer was, "For shame! Mr. R., for shame!"

My friend was soon back, for he had become fully sensible of the great impropriety of having left me alone with the maniac. As soon as Mr. B. returned, I stated to him how outrageously Mr. R. had abused us both in his absence, and the notice that I had deemed it necessary to take of the abuse.

From this night he grew worse and worse, and in the course of three or four days he died, as raving a madman as ever inhabited Bedlam.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW-YORK.

Those who remember New-York thirty-six years ago, will recollect the terrible havoc made by the yellow fever in 1805. It scattered the citizens in all directions; those that had the means to take themselves and friends out of the way of it, very generally fled to the country. The lower part of the city was literally deserted. I have entered John-street from Broadway at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and have not met or seen a human being, nor a house open, from thence to Fly-market ferry, at the foot of Maiden-lane. All was as noiseless and quiet as a sabbath morning in a well regulated country village. The only persons visible were the two black ferrymen, till we reached Brooklyn.

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I was then a clerk in the Custom House under David C/. p. 106 39 Gelston, the venerable and excellent collector. The collector's office, and indeed the whole custom house establishment was then held in the Government House, situated immediately south, and facing the Bowling-green; where there is now a block of some eight, or ten, three story dwelling houses. It was a large and magnificent building, with spacious accommodations for all the various employments engaged in the business of collecting the revenue It was built by the State of New-York, since the revolution, for the accommodation of pulic officer's, and was admirably adapted to that purpose. There were barracks adjoining, and in some tolerable preservation still standing, that were formerly occupied by the British troops. The house stood on an elevation, which gave from the upper windows extensive views, more particularly down the bay, and into New-Jersey. The court in front, excepting the footways, was paved with white round stones; and the interior arrangements were very much like the capital at Albany. At the time I am speaking of, there was yet standing the pedestal on which there was once a full sized statue of George the III, but which was taken down soon after the commencement of the revolutionary war, and, it being made of lead, converted into bullets.

The amiable and vigilant collector decided, as soon as the fact of the epidemic was established, to remove 4* 40 the office to Greenwich, then an inconsiderable village and separated from the city by the space of a mile, or thereabouts. But before eligible accommodations could be prepared, the fever became general, and many merchants refused to run the risk of transacting business with the office. The removal of the custom house business to Greenwich, with its approximation to the city, soon caused the place to be filled with people. Thousands slept upon the floor, and very grateful were they for such a lodging; who only a few days before enjoyed all the comforts that abundant wealth produced. And even the luxury of a mat on the floor was not always to be relied on. It frequently happened, that on retiring to the usual place of rest, it was found occupied by a stranger; and it was not, in such cases, always an easy matter to dis *lodge* such customers. Frequent and angry were the disputes on such occasions. Our landlord was a

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native of the Green Isle, and swore on all occasions when there was any dispute, that he was a gentleman! If you questioned the simplest statement of his, with the most qualified doubt, he would redden and swell like a turkey-cock, and exclaim, with the most emphatic strut, “ *By J—I am a gentleman, sir!* ”

If our lodgings were precarious, so was our food. Mr. C—never scrupled to fill his table with strangers, if the regular boarders were not present to claim their 41 seats when dinner was ready. It has happened more than once that five or six of us clerks of the custom house, and Mr. Kearney, the deputy collector, with us, who had been detained a little after the usual time by the business of the office, on coming home and finding no room at the table, would remonstrate with Mr. C—on the palpable injustice of such proceedings. Although he had received the pay for these very dinners, as it was his invariable custom to do, both for meals and lodgings, yet he had the impudence to bounce into the dining-room, and while he loudly abused them for occupying our room at the table, interspersed here and there with divers oaths and curses, it was accompanied with sly winks, as much as to say, you see, gentlemen, how neatly I can humbug my boarders. These strangers were his friends and acquaintances! As no other board in the village could be had for love or money, we were fain to remain where we were, notwithstanding the daily annoyance we met with.

Previous to the epidemic, and to the removal to Greenwich, I was in the habit of dining at the British and American Coffee House, the building on the northwest corner of Courtlandt and Greenwich-streets, now used as exchange offices, and then kept by a Mr. Lynch. The house was extensively known and celebrated for its good and choice fare, but more especially for the 42 high character of the wines. It was the resort of rather a better sort, a more select and circumspect set of *bon vivans*, who possessed ample means to indulge their appetites in a more than ordinary way. Beside the good cheer that was found at this house, there were other inducements. Mr. L. was by birth an Englishman, but had served many years as purser in the American navy; and although not wealthy, yet having no family but his wife, he had all the comforts of life within his reach without hazarding

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what he had to the uncertain chances of trade. He used often to declare that his chief inducement in keeping a public house, was to enjoy the society of the visitors. He was a large man, nearly sixty years of age, rather *enbonpoint*, and wore a sandy coloured wig slightly powdered; and in the morning was decidedly a gentleman in his manners. His chief employment was marketing and feeding a number of birds, which he was passionately fond of. Mrs. L. was also a very large and a very fat woman, and particularly remarkable for a uniform good temper, that seemed never ruffled, let the occasion be ever so provoking. She had on all occasions the same benevolent smile; and even when some favourite dish had been spoiled which drew forth the strong animadversions of Mr. L. toward the cook, she soothed his anger with a kind apology of some kind or another. In short she was as perfect a picture of good nature as ever existed.

Every evening, after the cloth was removed, Mr. L. drew toward the window, if in warm weather, and toward the fire, if cold, seated in a well-stuffed arm chair, with another without arms to support his legs, and with the evening newspaper his companion, a very pink of luxurious ease, he would soon become drowsy from unlimited indulgence in the good things of the table. The good lady would take a seat somewhere near, that Mr. L. might not be disturbed, and to be able to answer any calls that might be made.

"My dear Mrs. L." he would say, "I will thank you for a glass of brandy and water."

"Yes, love," was the ready reply, but no movement was made to obey the request.

After a brief pause, with his eyes closed and his large double chin resting on an ample breast, the newspaper lying listlessly on his knees, he would rouse up with, "Polly Lynch, bring me some brandy and water."

"So I will, Mr. Lynch," was the answer, With a look and a smile that spoke her understanding of such a matter.

Again he would slumber and nod, with occasional faint murmurs of “brandy and water,” “brandy—water;” and in most cases got none till his nap was out.

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Subsequently, some ten or twelve years, not long before his death, and when the word *British* had been obliterated from the sign in consequence of the war with England, I became an inmate of the house for several weeks. It was not long after *Col. Burr's* return from Europe, I think; at any rate Col. B. daily dined at the table. Mr. L. said to me one day at the dinner table, “Do you know *Charles Miller?*” While I hesitated to reply, he added —“him that killed young *Rand* in a duel near Boston some years ago.”

“I have no acquaintance with him,” I said.

“Well, sir,” said he, “I will tell you a good joke that happened at my table with him. I had purchased a brace of canvass-back ducks, as I supposed. They ought to have been fine ones, for I paid four dollars for them. They were prepared after the most approved way of serving them at table. As they were placed near where Mr. Miller sat, I requested him to do me the favour to carve them. He had no objection, he said, and suiting the action to the word, commenced cutting them. I noticed that he leaned his head on one side, and partially turned his face from the birds, which caused me to ask him what was the matter? ‘These are very fine birds, Mr. Lynch,’ said he, ‘but they have one quality, quite agreeable to us eastern people, because we are accustomed to such food, but most folks 45 do not like it— *they are fishy!*’ I was perfectly confounded and angry with all, to think that I had been imposed upon by having a pair of *red-heads* palmed upon me for *white-backs*. Mr. Miller was unusually polite on this occasion, and offered to help, separately, I believe, every one at table. But as they were *fishy*, all declined. He stuck to the ducks himself, occasionally remarking upon the various tastes, some natural and some acquired, which governed people in their likes and dislikes of food, till he had demolished them both, or very nearly so. There was nothing of much consequence left. I did not enjoy my dinner from shame and vexation. After a pause, it occurred to me that as I knew the man

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from whom I purchased the ducks, it would be well for me to apprise him of the error, and probably he would rectify it by giving me a pair of the real birds, or abate something of the price. So I directed the servant to hand me the dish. If you could have heard the fellow, sir, roar and shake himself with laughter, when I put a piece on the fork to smell it, you would have been astonished at the noise. The tears actually rolled down his face with excess of pleasure, to find that he had gulled me by calling the ducks *fishy*! Sir, he paid me six shillings for his dinner, and eat up a brace of birds that cost me four dollars! 46 He was a huge eater, sir, that Mr. Charles Miller.” To go back to 1805.

At that time there was only a country road, with a rail fence and bushes on each side, to communicate with Greenwich. It extended from about where Leonard-street now connects with Hudson-street, I think, quite into the village. In that year St. John's Chapel was built. It was quite out of town, and built on a flat, with pools of water and salt water sedge-grass growing around it. Back of the chapel, and for a considerable distance toward Richmond Hill House, then Col. Burr's country seat, planks were laid for crossing various small water courses; and a large one where Canal-street now is. This water course communicated with the Collect, and at that time a considerable sheet of water where Centre-st. now extends from near Grand-st. to where Duane-st. crosses it. In winter there was good skating on it, with plenty of room for a large assemblage to enjoy the amusement. Bunker's Hill Fort, near where Grand-street unites with the Bowery, and from whence Col. Burr, during the revolutionary war, gallantly led out and safely retreated with the garrison in the face, almost, of the invading British troops, was yet standing.

On the 25th of November of that year, at the celebration of the evacuation of the city by the British army at the close of the revolutionary war, the famous *Gen. 47 Moreau* reviewed the troops on the Battery, riding between Maj. Gen. Stevens and Morton, in a plain blue citizen's dress.

Warren-street was then the residence of a certain class of females; and where dancing, called in fashionable parlance balls, was extensively patronised by a class of gentlemen

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of rather an equivocal character, called the “Knights of the Cleaver.” They were more especially under the care and protection of the latter class of patrons, and were more familiarly called, “Butcher's Balls.” Leonard-street was quite out of town at that time.

There was a small theatre somewhere near Corlaer's Hook,—its precise situation I have forgotten,—called “Grove Theatre.” It afforded plenty of “frolic and fun” to many, from the great absurdity of the plays that were there acted; and sometimes a few men of character would go to enjoy the ludicrousness of the scene. It was particularly indebted for its dramatic productions to a gentleman of the name of *Winchell*. One night the house was more than usually full, and nothing would satisfy a number of wags, before the play commenced, but that the author should speak a prologue to his play. After a good deal of uproar, and a general call for Mr. *Winchell*, that gentleman made his appearance, with a large black man with a candle in his hand. As soon as he could get a hearing, he very modestly said, it was true, and he did not deny it, that he wrote dramatic pieces for the stage, and that he had a prelude ready for his play, now about to be enacted; yet he never himself took a part in any of them. But if the audience insisted upon hearing the prelude he would, with their permission, read it. “O—read it by all means,” was shouted from all parts of the house. He advanced to the front, the black man holding the light, and having placed himself in the best approved oratorical attitude, he commenced reading the prelude. There was such an excess of boisterous mirth that I could only catch a line now and then; but I remember one couplet, which will serve as a fair specimen of Mr. Winchell's poetical talents. Viz:

“See our fields adorned with cattle, And our great cannon how they do rattle.”

There were numerous other places of resort for the wits of the day. One of the best that I now recollect was Hogg's Porter House in Nassau-street, which was situated about where the Public Stores now are, between Cedar and Pine-streets. It was a two story yellow brick house with a high stoop, and in the yard there was a large grape vine, where, under its shade in warm weather, the visitors assembled to enjoy their potations 49 Hogg was

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a member of the Park Theatre, and a very clever comic actor he was. Here on a non play-day, for in those days they only played three times a week, were to be found, *Tyler, Johnson, Jack Martin, Hewitt* the leader of the Orchestra, and others of that class of wits, whose repartees and *pun* gent sayings “kept the table in a roar;” and where there was “a feast of reason and a flow of soul.”

There was another house, “The Shakspeare,” on the corner of Nassau and Fair-streets; now Fulton; kept by Hodgekinson, a brother, of the great actor of that name,—more celebrated, indeed, than Hogg's,—but the company was not so select as at the latter place. The Shakspeare was particularly celebrated for the excellency of fried oysters and coldslaw. In the season of that delicious food, from seven in the evening you could hear Hodgekinson issuing and reiterating orders to Abel, the yellow waiter, and next to H. in authority, in the same monotonous and guttural tone, for which he was remarkably distinguished, and mixed up with any story that he might be telling at the time. For instance: “Well, sir, as I was saying, my friend and myself took a horse and gig—‘ *coming sir* ’—for Newark.—‘ *six fried, Abel* ’—where we arrived—‘ *nine fried, Abel* ’—just in time to—‘ *twelve on chafing dish, Abel* ’—get a capital—‘ *welch rabbit for one, Abel* — 50 dinner at Gifford's. Well, sir, I ordered—‘ *half-and-half, Abel* ’—a bottle of his best—‘ *coming, sir,* ’—wine. Well, sir, when dinner was over—‘ *three shillings, sir* ’—the gentleman walked out, and at the same time—‘ *nine fried, Abel* ’—walked off with my overcoat. Ha! ha! he! he! Good joke, was ‘n't it, sir?’ *Coming, sir.* ’—Stole my coat! ha! ha! he! he!”

The besom of improvement has swept these resorts of the wits and fashionables of those days from the map of the city, and with them are gone their agreeable and eccentric landlords, to be known no more forever!

The magical growth of the city since that time has been brought about with less celerity than the productions of *Aladdin's Lamp*, though not much less wonderful. A thousand illustrations might be adduced to substantiate the truth of this, but I will content myself in

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this sketch, by relating only one; a pleasant story told by General B—, a gentleman still in the vigour of usefulness.*

* Since dead.

“When I was a law student,” said he, “studying with Mr. G. there was a baker by the name of Miller, who owned a small farm situated about where the foot of Warren-street now is. He had contracted more debts than he was able to pay, and was in consequence in some trouble. To extricate himself from his difficulties, 51 some of his friends advised him to lay out his little farm into lots, and sell them at auction.

“In those days it was a perquisite of the law students to make out deeds, which was done invariably upon parchment. I was applied to by Mr. M. to make out his. The stipulations and conditions having been settled between us, the sale commenced. The first day only two lots were sold: one a corner lot for £21, (\$52 50,) the other £18 10, (\$46 25.) The price so far exceeded his most sanguine anticipations, that being of a noble and generous disposition, he proposed to cancel the agreement made with me for drawing the deeds and to substitute two of the lots in stead. I told him I would think of it, and would give him an answer in a day or two. So far as I was able to form a judgment, I considered Mr. Miller's a very handsome offer, and was very much disposed to embrace it. However, being young and inexperienced, I came to the conclusion to first ask my teacher his opinion of such a matter. So I said, “Mr. Miller has met with great success in the sale of his lots. He has sold two of them for nearly one hundred dollars! and he has offered me two of the remaining best for the deeds that I am to draw instead of the first agreement?”

“Has he indeed!” said Mr. G.

“Yes, sir, he has!” 5*

52 ?. p. 187.

“W ell, Rober t, what do you think of it?” continued Mr. G.

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"Why, sir, I think well of it."

"Do you indeed! Well, Robert, I did not think you such a d—d fool!"

"It so happened that in due course of time I bought two of these very lots, for which I paid fourteen thousand dollars!"

CAROLINE NICHOLS.

"While in Philadelphia many years since," said Mr. C., "and while on a visit to a relative, a distinguished member of the bar, he requested of me one morning an audience in his office."

"I am about" said he "to intrust to your keeping a matter of great delicacy, and which is of a nature that will require more than ordinary circumspection in the management of it. I solicit your cooperation, because I am quite satisfied that in your hands, it will be judiciously managed, and with all the secrecy that, as far as I am permitted to disclose it, the subject requires."

"There is a child, a female, which, for reasons I am not prepared to explain, must be removed from here, to a distant and healthy part of the country; far enough 54 off, robe out of the reach of any of her friends, and where she can be reared and well educated. She is not permitted to know who her parents are; but I will be answerable for her support, which shall be liberal."

"It is not the expectation of her friends that you should take upon yourself any ether responsibility than that of superintending generally her affairs; for which they expect to pay you a generous commission. You are to provide a home for her, in some healthy and pleasant part of the country, where a good school is at hand, and with a family strictly moral, and even religious; where her manners and habits may be made to conform. When

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it becomes necessary, you shall know more; but for the present, I have communicated all that I am permitted to disclose.”

I said, “You speak of religious habits necessary for your ward to acquire.—Do you mean of our church? I ask this question, because in Maryland there are excellent schools of other denominations”

“It is of no earthly consequence,” said he. “Her friends scarcely know the distinction that exists among religious people. All that they require is, that there shall be deeply implanted moral and religious principles, with the other instruction she may receive.”

I said, “Suppose I should consent to take upon myself this trust, what answer am I to give to inquiries that 55 will naturally be made, as to who the child is—where from—name—parentage, and fifty other questions that will certainly be propounded wherever I may think proper to place her?”

The answer is simple. “She is an orphan, and although left with wealth, still there are family reasons why nothing more is to be known.”

“Well,” said I, “there is a question which you can answer, Is the family respectable?”

“You have already heard me say,” said he, “that there is wealth; and if that is not evidence of respectability, I cannot help it. I cannot answer any further. Will you accept of the trust?”

“I think not,” said I. “There is too much mystery enveloping this affair to suit my views of propriety—at the same time I feel very well satisfied that you would not propose to me any business that would involve me in disgrace, or bring a groin upon any branch of my family. If the child is sent to me, it will be proper that she should, while she remains in Baltimore, stay with us. My mother and sisters will, in such a ease, become interested in the child; and I confess I have great doubts of the propriety of even bringing a child into the family circle, without knowing more of it than it suits your views to disclose. I suppose that you

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will have no objection to my asking the advice of your wife? 56 *Cousin Jane's* good sense and experience will decide the matter at once."

"I have objections," said he, "to extending any information in this matter even to my wife; but rather than lose so eligible a trust as yours for the child, I will consent that *Jane* shall be consulted. I make but one stipulation, which is, that we go together."

The lady's opinion was that she saw no impropriety in the transaction, inasmuch as there was no one, respectable or otherwise, to claim her; and that it would be a disgrace to humanity that a child with wealth should not be able to find a suitable home and protection.

"The little that is disclosed," said she, "leads me to suspect that the child has connexions here that are not as *Cesar* wished his wife to be, and that is the main cause of her being removed from their contamination. You will keep in view, cousin Edward, that this is only suspicion; for I know less even than you do of the whole matter. This is the first time of my knowing that such a child existed, and that my husband had any agency in the management of her affairs. But women are proverbially quick in forming hasty conclusions. Let the cause of her forlornness be what it may, there ought to be provided for her judicious and Capable advisers to see to her morals and general deportment. If 57 you should consent to take the superintendence of her affairs, while it is deemed advisable to keep her away from Philadelphia and her connexions, she could not have found better protection and better advisers than your excellent mother and sisters. But I suppose it is not intended that she shall remain in Baltimore any longer than it will be necessary to prepare her for school in the country. But whatever else you do, Edward, remember that you place her where she shall receive a religious education; and I hope you will find a home for her with some one of our church."

Frequent were the discussions between my friend and myself relating to ulterior plans,—the nature and extent of her education,—indeed, we endeavoured to anticipate every matter and thing, so as to preclude the necessity of any written correspondence.

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We settled the amount of her expenses,—how to be remitted,—and above all it was particularly stipulated, that under no circumstances whatever should she receive visits from any one unless by my order or permit.

The very place of her sojourn was to be kept a secret, even to my friend—as he wished in case of being found out as having had any agency in the matter, to be able to say that she had passed from his charge, and that he did not even know the place of her residence.

After much time spent in inquiries, and many journeys 58 taken, I finally fixed her residence with a clergyman in F—, in the upper part of Virginia, away from the vices and follies of fashionable life; where the pure air of the hills would invigorate her body while her mind received the impress of useful instruction. It appeared to me that, all things taken into consideration, a place better suited to all the several objects to be accomplished could not be found.

At the time I speak of she was only about six years old, sprightly, but there was nothing remarkable to distinguish her from other children of that age. Her complexion was a clear brown with black hair, and sparkling black eyes—such as is generally found in complexions of the kind. Her recollections of home and parents were not vivid enough to give any satisfactory description of either. She had been placed at school as soon as she could articulate distinctly; and the only relative she had ever recollected was her grandmother—and her she had not seen for nearly two years. Poor child! She was truly an orphan!

“For twelve years there transpired no event connected with her history of any importance. She grew rapidly into womanhood; and although not a decided beauty, she was decidedly good looking, and in the family and among her acquaintances, considered amiable.”

“About this time two years ago my friend, Mr. H. 59 died rather suddenly; and the only information left me to guide my future course was, that I should soon be relieved of my

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charge by her nearest of kin, who had my address, and who weald establish a clear right to advise and control her subsequent pursuits.

“Months rolled on, and no person appeared to claim the relationship. The remittances stopped; and with the death of Mr. H. all clue to a knowledge of her friends was cut off. There was nothing to be found among his papers that left any trace of his agency in the matter. I waited till my patience was exhausted, when I inserted in the Philadelphia papers the following notice.

“About thirteen years since a female child, then about six years of age, was intrusted to the guardianship of a gentleman in one of the southern cities. She has been mysteriously abandoned to the protection and sympathies of strangers. It is hoped that this may meet the eye of some of her connexions, who will come forward and relieve her from a painful dependence.”

It is more than a year since this advertisement appeared, and no notice has been taken of it. During the whole of this time her situation has been distressing and painful beyond any description that I can give. Her letters evince more good sense and a better discriminating judgment than I should have looked for in 6 60 one so young. To add to the poignancy of her distress, she is betrothed to a gentleman of that neighbourhood. He has offered to wed her for her own sake and run all hazard, but she steadily refuses to involve him in her mysterious fate.

While at dinner yesterday, the servant said a lady wished to speak with me when I was at leisure—not to hurry myself, as she was in none. As my curiosity was a little excited, and my suspicions awakened, I soon despatched the eatables. She was a strong and rather a masculine looking woman; about forty as I should judge, who proceeded to her business without preface or circumlocution by saying: “You are the Mr. C. who has had the charge of *Caroline Nichols* for so many years”

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I hesitated to acknowledge it; for to say the truth I was taken somewhat aback by the directness of the charge, and at that moment my faculties were none of the clearest. Seeing this she added,

“You will not question a mother's right, I hope, to claim her own child?”

“That child,” I said, “has never known a mother's care for fifteen years! and it speaks but little for her tenderness, or regard for her moral welfare, to have left her such a length of time without seeking to bestow either!”

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“Your reproof is just,” said she, “but when you know all the circumstances attending this whole unfortunate affair, you will see abundant reasons for excusing my seeming desertion of my child— *my only child!* The tale is soon told,” she continued. “My family were respectable, and connected with some of the best in Philadelphia. At an early age, too early indeed with propriety to become a mother, I gave birth to this child—illegitimate, and I own it with confusion of face. When my situation could no longer be concealed, I was hurried away to a distant part of the country, where Caroline was born. As soon after as I could with anything like propriety, I returned to the circle of our acquaintances, and mixed again with the giddy and the gay. My mother had the management of the whole affair. My betrayer, as soon as he discovered the consequences of our intercourse, suddenly embarked for India. A few years after Caroline's birth, a gentleman, a foreigner, paid his addresses to me, and by my mother's direction he was accepted, and we were married. I have resided most of the time since abroad. My mother, as I have before remarked, has had pretty much the planning and arranging the whole concern. It is quite superfluous, after this brief explanation, to say, that my husband is ignorant of my ever having given birth to a child.”

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“Was it your mother,” I said, “that obtained the agency of Mr. H. in this affair?”

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“ *Not directly*. She is a woman of great art, and has deceived in her time more and quite as clear heads as Mr. H. possesses”

“Was your mother known in any way to Mr. H.?”

“No, sir. Had he even entertained the least suspicion of her having any connexion with it, he would have had none.”

“Do me the favour to explain this.”

“It is painful to do so, but the time has arrived when concealment can no longer be of use; and, come what may, I must now assume all the consequences of early depravity and practised deception for more than twenty years! Soon after the death of my father, who was really a respectable man, and who had acquired some considerable wealth as well as a good reputation, my mother began to form intimacies among a set of people who are always more or less suspected, though perhaps nothing very improper could be substantiated against any of them. Gay and fashionable among that class, though not the first, and visited occasionally by really virtuous people on the strength of her respectable family connexions, she was able to sustain herself for a long time amidst whispers and sneers of no equivocal character. At length, not long after my marriage, she 63 threw off all the restraints and guards that are thrown around a life of virtue and respectability, and actually opened a house of infamy! To be sure it was *private*, and known only, for a long time, to the more fashionable debauchees and roués, who lavish their wealth on female profligates. For more than eighteen years she has pandered to the vices and depraved appetites of both sexes! Her house is now somewhat better known than formerly, but still she keeps it *private*; and has, it is said, amassed considerable wealth by the nefarious trade! I do not hesitate to declare, that it was my mother's loose conversations and examples of doubtful propriety that weakened my notions of virtue, and hastened on the act that has deprived me of peace, and has been the cause of so much trouble and unavailing regret—and is, I fear, to be a lasting subject of deep humiliation and disgrace!

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I cannot show my face in virtuous and respectable society without the constant dread of being recognized! and even while residing abroad, I was always in dread of being known! My daughter I am almost dying to see, and yet it is next to death to disclose to her the infamy that attaches to her nearest, and should be dearest, connexions!”

“Your husband!”

“He is in England. He left me behind on express 6* 64 condition that I should hold no intercourse whatsoever with my mother.”

I said: “There is yet a mystery that I cannot comprehend. It is quite clear to me that there are more persons interested and that are actors in this drama than have yet appeared. Mr. H would never have noted directly or indirectly through any management of your mother in this matter. Are you sure that your mother is the one that has supplied the means of her education and support?”

“Yes; for there was no one else to take an interest in the child.”

“Well, madam, you must give me a day or two to think and reflect upon these strange disclosures, and to see what is best to be done. I am not satisfied at this moment that it is best, or even proper, for you to claim the child; but I will consider the matter, and at our next interview will communicate the result.”

Her visit was prolonged till the shades of night began to deepen on the surrounding objects, and I concluded that I would not return to my business till after tea. I took a book and lay down on the sofa, but had scarcely time to adjust my body in a comfortable position, when a servant announced a gentleman that wanted to see me; and, suiting the action to the word, introduced a stranger. He was one of the finest looking men that I 65 had ever seen. Uncommonly tall, with a large Roman nose, deep blue eyes, a dark brown complexion, evidently the result of a long residence in some warm climate; hair of a dark chesnut, but round the edges there was a fringe sprinkled with white. His age was about

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fifty, and he was dressed remarkably rich and well, with the exception of a coat of a pepper and salt colour. To me, on any other person, it would have appeared hateful; but on him it was becoming, and had the appearance of good style.

He said, "Mr. C., it is in good keeping with the business that induces me to seek your acquaintance that I should introduce myself. My name is W. I have been absent from this my native country for more than twenty years, and have but very recently returned to it. Sometime previous to my embarkation for Canton, I became acquainted with a young girl of lively and fascinating manners, whose station in life precluded the idea of carrying on the acquaintance beyond an agreeable flirtation. But I have reason to think that her mother, a designing, and, as she has since shown herself to be, a bad woman, encouraged the intimacy, in hopes of surprising me into a marriage. At all events, she did all in her power to entrap me, by various manœuvres, and by affording opportunities of our being together in private so often, that it would have been 66 more strange that we should not have been guilty of improprieties than otherwise. I acknowledge, with deep and ineffable regret, that I availed myself of the opportunities thus offered, and the consequences were that she became *encienté*!

"Having been long preparing for a residence at Canton, I was obliged to leave before the child was born; but! took such steps before I left as to insure it, should it live, respectable protection and support. This was easily arranged with the mother's connivance; for at this period, and for some subsequent years, she continued to hold on, though it was by a feeble tenure, to rather a respectable station in society. And she was quite ready to yield her assent and all control over the child; as it removed the disgrace out of her sight, and all claims for its support on her purse.

"My brother-in-law was my agent and only confidant; and your relation, Mr. H., only knew that the child was mine; beyond that it was neither necessary nor advisable to entrust him. It is a very curious coincidence of things that these two gentlemen should both have died within a day or two of each other. This will satisfactorily account to you for the sudden

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stoppage of all communication, with the annual remittance, and some other matters connected with this unfortunate history.

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"I have thus given you a succinct exposition of such things as are necessary to explain my connexion with, and interest in, your ward. I preferred this plain, narrative mode to show you my acquaintance with the whole matter, rather than wait for questions and answers."

I said, "Where is now the mother of the child?"

"She married a foreigner, an Englishman, as I have been informed, and went abroad, where she has resided ever since."

"Would you know her again, do you think?"

"O, yes; time could not efface the recollection."

"What are your designs in relation to this young lady? Do you intend to recognise her as your daughter?"

"I am very much inclined to do so. But that shall be a subject of future and further advisement. I wish to see her, if practicable, incognito—to see her unsuspected, and to form my opinion after such inspection is made."

"Suppose her mother should appear," said I, "and demand her child? What could I say? or rather, what should I say?"

"If such a thing were at all probable, there would be room for doubt; but my impressions are, that she has no right or control over her destiny. There is, however, 68 no probability of any such occurrence, after so many years of silence on her part."

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"Well, sir, I must tell you that a lady was with me this very day,—aye, not ten minutes before you came she left this room, who says she is the mother of your child; and I believe her!"

"Good G—! It is very strange! Does she know where she is? Has she ever seen her since she has been in your charge?"

"I think I can answer with certainty, *no*. I have premised to see her again to-morrow, and to confer with her further."

"And I too," said he, "must now take time to see what is best to be done. There is something remarkably strange, and even mysterious, that another coincidence should occur in this matter! Will you, Mr. C., continue your kind offices towards me, so that should any thing transpire between now and our proposed meeting, you will immediately confer with me? I am staying at Barnum's Hotel, where I shall be happy to see you."

On going to my store, I found this letter from Caroline. From the bottom of my heart I pity the poor girl!

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MY DEAR MR. C.

There is no one in the wide world, with whom I am in any way connected, to whom I can apply for sympathy and advice beside yourself, except, indeed, the excellent family with whom I live. The good clergyman's income is barely sufficient to support his family decently. And as I neither possess the right nor the inclination to trespass any longer upon his benevolence, I am determined to take some immediate steps to relieve myself from the painful attitude in which I am so unfortunately placed. What those steps are to be, I am in great distress to determine. I cannot stand still any longer, If nothing else can be done, I hope it will not be deemed any disparagement to an orphan girl to seek her support by labour. Millinery, or mantuamaking, or something of the kind, would better suit my

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inclinations than any thing else. I trust that a kind Providence will not desert one who has had no agency in producing her misfortunes. The sudden and unsuspected deprivation of all notice and support which took place now more than two years since, as you very well know, leaves no doubt of the death of my friend. It therefore imposes a duty to exert my talents for my own support, which I can no longer neglect and preserve my own self-esteem.

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To work therefore I must go. If you, therefore, dear sir, approve of my present purpose to solicit work in some such establishment, will you ask employment for me in either? What I shall lack in immediate knowledge and tact, I will make up by diligence.

As Mr. F. is going to the convention next week, I intend to avail myself of his kindness to accompany him as far as Baltimore. Do, dear sir, find me place by the time I shall arrive, that I may have no leisure to dwell on my destitution. I shall leave this the only home I have ever known, with the keenest regret. Indeed, I do not see how I can bear the separation. They have been every thing to me, and I have the best of reasons for knowing that they all love me as well as if I were truly their own offspring. The very thought of it fills my heart with anguish and my eyes with tears.

What object is there on earth so forlorn, and that excites the deep sympathy of all true hearted people so readily as the lonely orphan girl! I shall find other friends, I dare say, if I deserve them; at all events, I have been taught to use my best faculties to do well, and to leave the result to other than earthly power.

Commend me warmly in thy prayers, and believe me,

Your greatly obliged and affectionate

Caroline.

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"She is a sensible and a good girl," I said. "My life on it, she will not want for Heaven's protection and blessing, even if she should be disowned and deserted by those who should love and protect her! But they will not do so. Show that letter to her father! I am greatly mistaken if he is not yet proud of such a daughter."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. C.; "but you forget the disgrace and the difficulties of such a disclosure. The time has now arrived when I must meet the mother. If I have formed a correct judgment of their difficulties, she must be dead to her child. But we shall see. I will let you know the result."

He thus described it, and what followed:

I said, "Well, madam, I have marvellous news, since our interview last evening, to impart, which may, and I think will, change somewhat your views in relation to your daughter. A gentleman, very lately from Canton, called here soon after you left me last evening, who says he is the father, and that she has been under his protection and support from her infancy; that it had your mother's approbation; and more, that she aided him in all his plans before the child was born, with a full understanding that it was to be so—or, perhaps, I should say, she fell in with and aided the agent whom 7 72 he left, when he went abroad, to carry out his designs for the child,"

"I am indeed amazed," she said, "with this explanation! My mother is more deceptive and treacherous than I could have believed, unworthy as I know her to be. She has always led me to suppose that she supplied all the means of her support!"

Here the door was opened and Mr. W. was ushered into the room. He did not hesitate an instant; but walked directly up to the lady and paid his respects, like an old acquaintance, gracefully and cordially—more so, indeed, than it was reciprocated.

I offered to leave the room, but the request from both was that I would not. He opened the business with a remark, that the fruit of their folly had been the child in question, who,

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he was exceedingly gratified in learning, had grown to be a fine, intelligent, and virtuous woman; that his business in Baltimore was to see after her present and future welfare; that since his interview with me last evening, he had come to the conclusion, for various reasons, that it would be better for all interested, that she should live ignorant of all her relations, except himself.

He continued, "There are few, madam, (only two, I believe, alive,) who are at all acquainted with our early indiscretion and the consequences of it. I do not ⁷³ wish to pain you unnecessarily; but I will never consent that Caroline shall know that she has such a relation as your mother; and however respectable your station may be now in society, let it be but once known that you were the mother of an illegitimate child before marriage,—to say nothing of what your husband and his connexions would think of it,—and you would be discarded from all respectable society."

"None but Omnipotence can know," she said, "how much I have suffered already! and I dare not look for any happiness on this side of eternity! In addition to the disgrace brought upon me by my mother's infamy, I have been obliged to live a life of painful deception. I could not find the courage to dash the cup of happiness from my husband's lips by a frank avowal of my guilt. He loves and confides in me unhesitatingly, and it would be barbarous cruelty to undeceive him now.

"I have no doubt," she continued, "but that your judgment in this matter is correct; and however much I am grieved in not being able to see my daughter, and to the pain it inflicts by being compelled to renounce her forever, I submit with as good a grace as I can. It is a part of the punishment richly deserved! On earth there is no peace for me! The worm that never dies and the fire that is never quenched is my doom!"

Here the varied and conflicting passions which had ⁷⁴ been gradually gathering to a head, burst out into so intense as to produce a belief that her heart would indeed break with the

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accumulated weight that pressed upon it. It was altogether the most violent exhibition of mingled sorrow and grief that can be conceived of. It was frightful!

Mr. W.'s looks evinced a strong desire to soothe her wounded feelings, but prudence triumphed over the generous sympathies of a warm and benevolent disposition. He saw and felt that he was the only man living from whom such kindness would be improperly offered to her. She soon became calm enough to take her leave, which she did with great propriety. To me she returned her thanks for my attentions to her unfortunate child—and to Mr. W. she presented her best wishes for his future health and welfare—and to both she appealed to be remembered in our prayers.

“Now, Mr. C., I am quite desirous of seeing my child without being known,” said Mr. W. “If I find her what I ardently hope, she shall become my heir, and shall take a station in society becoming such. Can you make it convenient to accompany me to F—? We can on the way discuss and mutually advise what will be best further to be done.”

“It will be of no use,” I said, “to go to F—, because the lady is now, most probably, on her way to this place.”

“Ah! how is that?”

“Read that letter,” said I, handing him the one I showed you the other day. I watched closely the workings of his face, to see if I could read the impressions that the letter was stamping on warm and ardent feelings which had been highly excited by preceding events. He read every word of it without stopping to breathe! It was a beautiful display of the workings of the mingled feelings which at such a moment take possession of the faculties of the mind! Doubt, anxiety, hope, passed over the speaking features with the rapidity of thought; and it all ended, in a burst of delightful certainty, with the exclamation of “Thank God! she is both intelligent and good! I glory in the spirit and correct principles which have triumphed over a mean dependence on others for a lazy and indolent existence. I shall love her the better for this display of intelligent energy. It evinces character and

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independence of thought and deed. Could I but wash out the foul stain that soils her birthright! Oh! how awful is the punishment of crime, even in this life; to say nothing of another! There is now ringing in my ears the dreadful denunciation of the Decalogue: ‘ *I will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.* ’ Is 7* 76 there no sin without its concomitant recompense of reward? Are there no deviations, however small, from the plain path of duty and virtue, that will not be permitted to pass with impunity? In every direction the lessons of wisdom are profusely scattered in and around our path, and yet we heed them not! See, my dear sir, the desolations of a single error! Disgrace and dismay to all that are known to have been directly concerned in it, and unmitigated shame hangs over the disclosure to the innocent! View it in the most favourable aspect, and there is scarcely a bright spot to be found! Ah, me! these reflections have made me miserable indeed!”

Several days elapsed before the good parson and his charge arrived; during which time I saw much of Mr. W. There is in his character more of contradiction than seems consistent with the station he occupies, as a merchant of shrewd calculations and extensive dealings. There is in him a profusion of generous thought and benevolence of heart and mind inconsistent with that of a trafficker whose fortune has been acquired by trade. He never refuses a request where money is required of him, either in discharge of obligations or as a gratuity. From what I have seen, I think it quite likely that he would be just as apt to give a beggar an eagle as a twenty-five cent piece, and would never know the difference. 77 He carries gold and silver loose in his coat pocket, and is just as likely to give away one as the other, for he never examines either.

Notwithstanding these generous traits, you would be surprised with the closeness and accuracy of his business calculations. He is a very miser in patiently estimating the number and minutiae of the expenses of an adventure. In short, his intellect is as keen in discernment as it is vigorous in strength of investigation. Beside, his manners have received a high polish by a long intercourse with the best society in India. It would be

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difficult to find his equal in personal appearance, and he is unsurpassed in *suaviter in modo*.

The arrival of Mr. F. and the lady was announced to me by the reverend gentleman himself. I had never seen him but once before, and length of time and other changing scenes had entirely obliterated from my mind all recollection of his appearance. I knew his name, and that he was an exemplary-minister of the Episcopal church, and rather more strict in observing the demeanor and duties of a clergyman than is usual even with Christian ministers. He was simple and unpretending in all the relations of life, discharging the multifarious duties of his station without parade or noise. Such was his general reputation when I placed *Caroline Nichols* in his charge. There was a striking change 78 visible in his personal appearance. His hair was thinner and whiter; the cheeks and eyes were less full; and in a general aspect there was a falling away of the sterner vigour of middle aged manhood. Still age had not robbed the old man of his natural benevolence. The stamp of the more prominent of the Christian virtues, charity and meekness, were prominently displayed in every word and action. The benignity of his deportment and the tones of his voice were enough to satisfy any one, alive to kind feelings, that he was a pattern of excellence.

There was something, however, in the general cast and aspect of his whole appearance, that forcibly struck me as having a resemblance to some one of my friends; but whom I could not imagine. It was so strong that, instead of attending to his communications which he was making in relation to Caroline, I sat abstractedly pondering on the singularity of the resemblance, without being able to say whom. The old gentleman noticed it, and, with a benevolent smile, inquired into the meaning.

I said, "I am strangely affected with your resemblance to some one of my friends; but whom, I am quite at a loss to imagine. Perhaps, after all, it is only a vagary of the mind, and it will pass away with the occasion that created it. But let me ask, sir, have you ever

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officiated in any of our churches in Baltimore? In such a case I may have heard you, and the impression of resemblance is easily accounted for.”

“No,” he said; “I was ordained in Philadelphia, nearly forty years ago, and went immediately to C—, in South Carolina, where I remained till my health required a change of air. I moved from thence to my present residence, in the mountain region of Virginia, where I have remained ever since. I have occasionally attended the Convention of the Church at Philadelphia, and have once or twice read the service while there; but I have never preached a sermon away from our neighbourhood. I have sometimes exchanged with a brother, where the distance is not so great but that I could reach home the next day.”

This conversation took place partly at my store and partly on our way to his lodgings, where Carolina was waiting to see me.

I was much delighted with her greatly improved appearance. The child had been transformed by time into the well-made woman—and the lady-like and respectable demeanour evinced at once the superiority, taste, and good sense of her instructors, Her dependent situation had also done much toward suppressing a naturally hasty and irascible temper. This subdued feeling added not a little to the expression of a kind and affable disposition; and the soothings of religion's balmy influence were apparent in every word and look. She was, indeed, without being eminently beautiful, a lovely woman! I felt proud of my ward, and in the warmth of my feelings came near upsetting all the plans of Mr. W.; but fortunately, I checked myself just in time to avoid the disclosure.

Her first inquiry was, whether I approved her plan of seeking employment in the manner already mentioned; and if so, whether I had obtained a situation for the exercise of her industry.

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I said, "There is a gentleman here from Philadelphia, who will give you a situation where you can have plenty of scope to exhibit your taste and talents, provided you and he can agree upon terms. I will go at once and inform him of your arrival."

"That is indeed lucky," she said; "and I have no fears but that I shall please him. What is his business?"

"That he will explain."

"What is his name?" she continued.

"Edward W."

"What did you say," said Mr. F., "Edward W.?"

"Yes," I said; "do you know him?"

"I knew a person of that name, but that was a great many years since. If he is not dead, which is most likely, he is not in this country, It must be some one else."

I hastened to Mr. W.'s hotel, and gave him the agreeable news that Caroline had come; and the yet more agreeable information of the greatly improved appearance of his daughter.

We had hardly entered the room, and before any introduction could be made, before the exclamations of "*George*, is it you!"—" *Edward*, is it you!" burst from the astonished gentlemen, as they almost rushed into one another's arms:

"Why, Edward, I heard that you had died in the East Indies, nearly twenty years ago."

"And you, George, I supposed you, if alive, were settled in South Carolina."

Well," said Mr. W., turning to me, "here is another and a still more strange coincidence of curious development connected with this singular history. This gentleman and myself are brothers—half-brothers. He is the eldest of the children of my mother's first marriage; and I the eldest of the second. There is a considerable difference in our ages. Beside, his fixing on the ministry and removing far away, together with my long absence from the country, had almost blotted out the recollection that I had such and so near a relation in existence."

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I said, "I am no longer in doubt as to the resemblance which puzzled me so strangely this morning. And now, Mr. W., as you have business with this young lady that does not require the assistance either of your brother or myself to negotiate, we will retire for a while." And then addressing the good parson, I said, "My dear sir, I have something to communicate to you in private. Will you do me the favour to accompany me a short distance?"

As soon as we were alone, I did not keep him long in suspense; but very briefly gave him the whole outline of this most curious history.

His heart was full, and he actually shed tears of joy, that his beloved child, Caroline, had at length reached the good fortune which her trials and virtues justly deserved. "There was always," he said, "a mysterious affection for this child that I could never satisfactorily account for. Her temper was none of the best when she came to us; and it took time and much careful culture to eradicate the noxious disfigurement. It was happily and successfully effected, and she is now humble; and, what is infinitely of more value, she is, I trust and believe, a sincere Christian!"

She did not marry her betrothed. Why or wherefore I could never learn. Mr. W. took a large house in Philadelphia, and introduced Caroline into the best society. 83 When any inquiry was made, a short answer was all that was deemed necessary: which was, that her mother died in her infancy, and that she had been educated among her father's relations

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in Virginia. She remains unmarried, though her hand has been sought for by the best. She devotes her time and talents to the comfort of her father, and continues in the daily practice of a meek and humble disciple of our blessed Lord.

Not so the father. His sin is always before him; and time only seems to fix more vividly and indelibly upon a sensitive mind the weakness and wickedness of his early conduct. It is ardently to be wished that the daughter's praiseworthy course may in time have its influence on him, and that he, too, may yet taste the sweets of a religious life. 8

VISIT TO THE VINEYARD.

In the year 18—, there was a vessel cast away in the Vineyard Sound, on board of which there was a considerable amount of goods belonging to our house. An open disregard of the conditions on which these goods had been purchased, and an equal disregard of the conventional forms to be observed in shipping them, induced us, after taking legal advice, to seek redress by the usual method of settling all disputes of any considerable consequence in New-England, through a course of law. To make good the position we had assumed, it became necessary to look up evidence on the spot; and for this purpose, it was deemed advisable that I myself should investigate the matter, and take such testimony as would have a bearing on our violated rights. In the 85 early part of October, in a private conveyance, I left Boston with an English gentleman as a companion, both of us armed *cap-a-pie*, for various kinds of sport, which we purposed to indulge ourselves in, when not employed in the business which was the main object of the journey. Fishing and shooting were both good, as we were informed by a friend at Sandwich, an ancient and respectable town, situated near the foot of Barnstable Bay. If the sport was anything like as good as that which our informant had promised us, we had conditioned to send him by stage a portion of our achievement. The house pointed out as a suitable place for our accommodation had been red; but time and the strong gales, tinged as they invariably are with saline particles, and which are frequent in all parts of the rape, had abated much of

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the lively aspect which this colour gives to country dwellings; and, to look at it, promised anything but *comfort*—the watch word of all true travellers.

Whatever of prejudice had been created by the forbidding aspect of the house, was soon dissipated by great neatness of appearance, and a ready alacrity to anticipate all our wants. I have travelled much, and been a guest in numerous houses of entertainment, from Maine to Louisiana, but seldom, if ever, have I seen so much clean circumspection in every thing about a public house. The bread and butter looked as if they had been prepared by a machine, so exact and neat were they in appearance; and so indeed was every thing else. I wish my recollection served me, as to the name of the people who kept it, as I should take great pleasure in honouring it in this brief sketch.

After an early supper of venison and trout, the latter just from the brook, prepared by a masterly hand, and so savory and toothsome, that it would have drawn tears of delight from a true *gourmand*, we prepared our shooting apparatus for the next day's sport.

Not far from our hotel, in a northeasterly direction, commenced extensive meadows of salt marsh, crossed here and there by creeks, which stretch out in several directions for many miles. Along the edges of the uplands, which skirt these meadows, are numerous springs of fresh water, and which meander in small rivulets to the salt openings or *bayous*, and then lose their character by being swallowed in these outlets to the ocean. This is the feeding ground of the long-billed English snipe, and to this spot we were directed by our affable and obliging landlord. There is no saying how many of these delicious birds we might have killed had we been so minded; but having filled both of our game bags to their utmost capacity, and withal pretty well tired out, having been on our legs since daylight, we came to the conclusion to adjourn our sport to another occasion, and returned to our comfortable quarters.

The rest of the day we spent in preparing a small box of birds for our Boston friend, looking over and adjusting our fishing tackle for the next day's trout fishing, and consulting with

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our guide, *John Trout*, as he was universally called. This fellow had been *major domo* to all trout parties for more than twenty years, and was amusingly dogmatical in every thing relating to the business. He would not allow you to land a fish without feeling himself called upon to instruct you in the way it should be done. For instance: "Take care now—that's a fine fellow—don't be in a hurry—keep his head up stream—now, sir, land him; there, you see by following my direction you have got a trout that will weigh two pounds at least."

There was not a bend, or a deep spot in the whole stream, that had not been made memorable by the recollection that at such a time, in such a year, Mr. E. or Mr. P. took out of it a large trout. If his assertions could be relied on, he was a great favourite with a large number of the most distinguished of our citizens in the ranks of wealth and fashion. He had been their guide in all kinds of sport common to this part of the Cape. He knew,—no one knew so well,—where the wild geese and ducks congregated later in the season; and 8* 88 for the certainty of starting a deer, no one on the Cape could compare at all with him. In trout fishing you could not possibly take a measure of his perfections. Old Isaac Walton was a child to him in the knowledge of all kinds of bait to be used in angling for this delicate fish. Early in the spring, when they first move out from their deep winter quarters, he described a yellow worm, here and there spotted with a dark brown, as the best kind of bait. Then, as the season advanced, various kinds of flies were best; all of which he could instruct you in till your knowledge of the subject would quite overflow. In the fall, *minnows* must be used; such as we were then using. His volubility and arrogance were diverting enough at first; but, in time, their novelty wore away, and he became almost insufferable. However, under his auspices we had been completely successful in our day's sport, having captured about ninety, one of them weighing about three pounds and a half, and were in consequence more in the humour to overlook his everlasting chatter. A late dinner and preparing the fish for our Boston friend consumed the balance of the day.

Our next move was to the grouse ground on Vineyard Island, between Holmes Hole and Edgarton. Early the next morning we set off in high spirits with our late success, enhanced by a bland October day for 89 Falmouth, on the Vineyard Sound. Here we arrived, after a

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pleasant ride of a few hours over a sandy road, being shaded nearly the whole distance by woods that abound nearly the whole way. Here we left our carriage and dog, they being of no use to us on the island. In grouse shooting they use a small dog trained for the purpose, instead of the pointer, such as we had with us. The distance from Falmouth to Edgarton is about six miles, which was performed in a large boat, not unlike the New-York lighters. Here we took up our abode with an old gentleman by the name of Pease. The contrast of the house we had just left at Sandwich with this was too great not to strike us with disagreeable feelings; but the landlord was kind and attentive, and showed every disposition to furnish us with agreeable accommodation. The arrival of two strangers in this small fishing town was a matter of too much importance to be kept long a secret; more especially as there was a rival tavern to be flouted with the good fortune of the other. Yankee tact and ingenuity soon wormed out the objects that induced us to pay their island a visit; and there was no lack of guides to proffer their services, either in hunting or fishing.

This island is very unequal in its proportions, being about twenty miles long and from two to ten miles broad. Edgarton, with a population of about 1500, is the principal settlement, and is a place of some importance in the whale fishery. There is nothing remarkable about it in its productions, except a mineral earth called argillaceous, used in the manufacture of *alum*; and its eligibility for sporting induces many to visit it during the seasons best adapted to that object. There is some corn and rye raised on the island, but not enough, I should think from what I saw, for their own consumption.

We found, when it was too late to remedy the evil, that we were sadly deficient in our preparations for grouse shooting, in the want of a proper kind of dog. There are none kept on the island. Those who sport here bring their own dogs. We made the best arrangements that the nature of the thing would admit of, and, after an early breakfast, with a guide, we started for the sporting ground. It was a bright and bracing October morning. A strong westerly wind whistled through the ancient pines, while the reflected rays of a bright sun played and danced among the white-capped waves of the agitated ocean, full in view on our left. To the right the landscape was magnificently rich. An early

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frost had tinged with red the leaves of the maple, which were plentifully mixed with a long line of forest trees in a full dress of deep green, which skirt the main land; while between it and the island the Vineyard Sound 91 was alive with coasting craft, making their way to and from eastern markets. In front could be seen, only a few miles distant, Gayhead Light, which had shown the way, almost from time immemorial, to thousands of benighted vessels, to good anchorage and a secure harbour in Tarpaulin Cove or Holme's Hole. To the east, and plainly in view, stands the Island of Nantucket, famed for its successful but hazardous employment of creating wealth out of the whale fishery. Here, on this isolated and semi-barren spot, for more than one hundred years, have the Coffins and Starbucks, and their worthy associates, sent forth their well-trained crews of hardy mariners to rob the mighty ocean of its mightiest inhabitant.

It is a remarkable fact, that this lucrative business, which now requires large outfits, and which takes from one to three years to perform a voyage in, was first commenced near their own shores; and has been gradually retiring till the fish are now only to be found in quantities in the Frozen and Antarctic oceans. To return to grouse shooting.

The ground our guide took us to, was a kind of prairie of short or shrub oaks, interspersed with pines, which, from their decayed condition and primeval aspect, could not much longer survive the hand of time. It is a singular fact, and one, too, which philosophy will not explain, that primitive pine forests are succeeded 92 by a growth of shrub oaks. We laboured dilligently for several hours, through the hunting grounds, without seeing a bird, and finally quitted it with regret, and, in not the best of humour, returned to Edgarton. It was at this place my English companion, Mr. Evans, had, for the first time, handed to him brown bread, composed of Indian meal and rye flour; and which is as indigenous, and as much an article of luxury to a Yankee, as oatmeal cakes are in the Highlands of Scotland. Without disparaging the predilections or prejudices of any country, I pity the man who cannot enjoy a slice of New-England brown bread toast, made of sweet October butter; more especially, when eaten with other edibles, after a ride of fifteen miles on a cold frosty morning. By Jupiter Ammon! my mouth waters with the thought of it! Here, too, for the

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first time to either of us, we found, instead of drawn butter on fresh fish, they used as a substitute *dip*; which is nothing more nor less than salt pork, cut into small square pieces and fried almost to a crisp, and served up along with the extracted essence. I tried it and found it excellent.

During our stay here we made several excursions both for fishing and shooting. Our next move was to the back of the island, to shoot ducks, which are here in great abundance in the season of them. It was rather early at the time we were there; still they flew 93 across the sand bars in great plenty; but our guns were too small for this kind of sport.

Among other acquaintances made here, and most of them were captains in the whaling business, we formed one With Mr. Allen Coffin, an obliging and gentlemanly young man. He devoted a good deal of his time to our amusements. He initiated us into the excellent sport of trolling for striped bass, which are found here in astonishing abundance; and are sometimes taken in this way of surprising size. One had been taken by him, that season, that weighed eighty pounds! For a New-York shilling you could purchase, fresh from the water, one of these delicious fish that would weigh almost as much as a sheep. In fact, you had them at your own price. As one of the whaling captains good naturedly remarked, "If you do not like the price, take it for nothing."

Trolling is performed with a long line, which is fastened to a small row-boat with one end, While the other, on which is the hook, baited usually with an eel, is trolled out to any given length. Sometimes two lines are employed, one on each side of the boat; the bait in this way dangles and plays about in the ripple caused by its rapid motion through the water.

The celebrated *General Moreau*, while he resided at Morrisville, on the Delaware, employed much of his leisure time, during the proper season, in this kind of sport. 94 While the Philadelphia steamboats were in the custom of leaving Trenton early in the morning, the General would cross the river alone in his small wherry, fasten her to the

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steamboat, and accompany it as far as Bordentown; from thence he would row himself back, a distance of about ten miles, and fish by the way.

We were advised to make an excursion for sea-bass off the lighthouse, on Cape Pouge, a distance from Edgerton of only two or three miles. For this purpose a whale boat was prepared, with sails and every other convenience for such an expedition. Suitable dresses were furnished us from the wardrobes of some of the hospitable and worthy of our new friends. Thus prepared, we started with the tide in our favour and soon reached the fishing ground. The current runs very strong in the sound, and as we did not anchor our boat, our boatmen, after floating the distance of a mile, had to row us back to the original starting place. The water seemed, and was, indeed, alive with fish. We had nothing to do but to run out a moderate length of line and draw it in again to have one, and sometimes two and three fish on our hooks. They were so numerous that dozens would accompany those on the hooks nearly to the top of the water, before they would quit their captured companions. In the course of three or four 95 hours we had literally loaded down our boat with seabass and porgies.

I should do great injustice to my own gratified feelings, if I did not bear testimony to the kind attentions we received from these people while we sojourned among them. Mr. Pope says that “ *Worth* makes the man, the want of it the *fellow*. ” If there were any of the latter on the island, we had the good fortune to miss their acquaintance. Of the former we had abundant evidence that these brave and hardy whalers cherish as noble sentiments, and display to strangers as much genuine hospitality, as any other class of people I have ever had the happiness to know. It is true that they partake, in common with almost every section of New-England, of an ungovernable inquisitiveness, as to who you are and what business induces you to come among them. This once satisfied, a more kind and practically friendly people it would be difficult to find.

We left the island entertaining a warm and lively recollection of the kindness and hospitality that had been shown us; my companion quite reconciled to brown bread and

dip, affirming it was one of the most delightful excursions that he had ever the good fortune to make. 9

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

In a country like this, where all its institutions are thrown wide open to competition for distinction, and no restraints are imposed on the distribution of property by primogeniture entailment, the fluctuations in wealth are often rapid and curious; and frequently draw from obscurity interesting specimens of remarkable character. It is equally true that in almost every community, there are whole families that were once distinguished for wealth and importance in society, prostrated and often scattered beyond the knowledge and notice of those who once courted their influence, and sometimes basked in the sun of their patronage: these vicissitudes of life carry their own bane and antidote with them; and in every stage of the revolution, wholesome and important instruction 97 is imparted to all who have discernment enough to garner up lessons of wisdom.

With these brief and trite remarks, I introduce to the reader a man of rising sixty years of age, over six feet in height, and well proportioned, rather inclined to be corpulent, his dress a blue coat and small clothes of the same colour, white stockings, and shoes with buckles: he wore a wig with large heavy curls that effectually covered his temples, with a bag or tie behind, fresh powdered every day, and a three cornered cocked hat. He was a merchant of extensive business, and although at this time not very active himself, because his sons were his partners, yet he daily overlooked and took a part in most of the details of the business.

This man commenced life with little or no learning: his acquirements consisted of a very slight knowledge of arithmetic, hardly exceeding the limits of simple addition and subtraction; and with some considerable effort could make out an intelligible entry in the only account book that he then kept With these defects he was better qualified to make entries and keep books, than one who lived not an hundred miles from us. He charged

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one of his customers with a cheese of rather more weight than was usual in those days to make them: the customer denied it, and knowing the lack of the *merchant* in such an attribute as writing, demanded to see the charge. It was 98 marked , and he said t here could be no mistake because he always made such a mark for a cheese: his customer still denied it, but suggested whether it might not have been a grindstone, as he recollected about that time of having obtained one. This proved to be the fact; and the error in the charge was in having omitted to make the hole in the middle. His first employment was that era common carrier, a freighter between a neighbouring city and New-York. At that early period the business was light, and the competition considerable. "I have carried," said he to me, "many times a dozen of scythes upon my back from the manufacturer's shop, more than a mile, to my vessel for the sake of the freight, which was but four pence! All the goods that I had to commence trade with, occupied one arm chair, which my wife tended when I was away on other business."

"What did these goods consist of sir?" said I.

"Why there were pins and needles, tape and thread, a few pocket handkerchiefs, and such like articles. I frequently received orders to purchase a dress for a neighbour's wife, perhaps for two or three, and then I ventured to buy a whole piece of calico, and took the risk of finding a purchaser for the remainder. In this way I progress. ed, and increased my stock by little and little, till it required several chairs to hold the goods: soon after this 99 I had some shelves put up in the basement room, and then called it a store."

The first year that I was employed as a clerk in this concern, the goods on hand amounted to more than 500,000 dollars, which were all paid for, beside houses and stores, vessels, notes, and book debts, bank stocks, and money at interest in other ways. These were not all. The old gentleman had, independent of the firm, as it was said and believed, large sums lent out on bonds and mortgages.

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We, the clerks, were often rebuked for not being more careful in using the paper. In making out bills and receipts, he said there was much more paper used than was necessary, and that we ought to remember that it cost money. Not even a pin escaped his watchful eye and conservative predilection. *Saving and carefulness* was his motto.

With all these peculiarities he was no miser. He was a kind husband and father; and if economy and prudence were the governing principles of his life, they amounted to no incompatibility in him with the exercise of a judicious liberality. Most of such men, who have mounted the ladder of wealth, and acquired respectability, by single-handed industry and strict principles of integrity, are remarkable for correctness of 9* 100 judgment in all the common concerns of life. This was strikingly so with Mr. B.

And yet this man never read anything,—scarcely a newspaper,—unless he found —“tongues in trees, books in running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

His ignorance of books is laughingly exemplified in the following fact. He was requested by his eldest daughter to bestow on her a present of a book; something novel. “What sort of a book do you want?” said he.

“Why,” she replied, “any pretty book.”

He executed his daughter's request by walking into a bookstore in Broadway, and casting his eyes along the shelves, discovered a good-sized duodecimo volume, neatly gilt on the back. He pointed it out to the bookseller, and after bestowing some slight attention to the other parts of its external appearance, he inquired the price. “Four dollars,” was the reply. The book was purchased; and on his return home, it was exhibited to Miss Sarah with a spice of exultation. It was a fine copy of the Oxford edition of Griesbach's Greek Testament!

Beside unwearied industry and carefulness, the prominent characteristics which governed him in the accumulation of property, there was another source from LC 101 whence he

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drew much profit—and that was *interest*. On no occasion where money was over due did he ever omit that charge. Notes and bonds spoke for themselves in such matters; but book debts, in open running accounts, there was a keen *gusto* after the six per cent. that was exceedingly entertaining.

In dress and address, Mr. B. displayed great originality and quaintness of character; but for strict integrity and other moral attributes, he was admired and honoured by all who knew him. He occupied a large space in the community where he rose from poverty to great wealth and much respectability; and if debarred and disqualified, by the lack of learning, from participating in the treasures of ancient and modern lore, which science and genius have accumulated and opened to all, he was not deficient in that knowledge and wisdom which constitute an honest and an honourable man.

Mr. R. had been apprenticed at the usual age, in a country town, to the mechanical trade of saddlery. His parents and connexions were more than ordinarily respectable; and living in the heart of a State proverbial for universality of learning, of course, his education had not been neglected.

Before he had been long engaged in this business, it became manifest enough that mechanics were not suited to his genius. Trade and speculation filled all his thoughts and governed all his actions. His small stock of money was converted into knives, combs, and other small articles that suited the wants of those lads with whom he associated. The shop board, instead of containing the evidence of his progress and improvement in the business which he was sent to learn, was covered with tokens of his success in trade. He made bankrupts of most of his acquaintances among the boys of the village. Mr. H., his master, found the ruling passion for trafficking too strong to be overcome by remonstrance or advice, and advised his friends to remove him to a business more congenial to his disposition and ardently active mind.

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He returned to his friends, and from that time till he was nineteen, or perhaps a little more, I have no knowledge of the nature of his pursuits. About that time he settled in New-York, with fifty dollars, all the capital he possessed in any shape or form, and without any business connexions whatever. He hired a small room adjacent to Fly-market, which then existed at the foot of Maiden-lane, scarcely large enough to contain the sleeping accommodations which he had prescribed for his use. Active, shrewd, and intelligent beyond his years, he soon became well known among the wholesale grocers, with whom he carried on a large business in country produce. Early and late he was seen wending 103 his way among the coasters, sampling butter, lard, cheese, and other articles of the like nature of merchandise, and then off to those who were dealers in such goods. Prompt and energetic in every thing, he soon won the confidence of that class of merchants. Confidence and credit went hand in hand with the success that crowned almost every transaction that he engaged in.

At the time I am speaking of there was but one bank in the city, — the Bank of New-York, — and that was mostly in the hands of the Quakers. By this time Mr. R. had accumulated about two thousand dollars. In the course of his business he had formed an acquaintance with several of the directors, but more particularly so with friend H., to whom he applied for a loan of two thousand dollars. The novelty of the request from one so young, both in years and in business, caused some surprise, and a good share of admiration; and the answer corresponded:

“Thee can have, friend Isaac, thy desire gratified, if thee can give good paper.”

“Oh, sir,” was the quick reply, “I can give you such a name as will not be doubted. What do you say to Mr. K.?”

The intimation that he could command the name of 104 that gentleman excited in a still greater degree the good Quaker's doubts and surprise.

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Mr. K. was greatly distinguished for talents of the highest order, of great wealth, and in no way connected with trade. His name therefore, either as drawer or endorser, would be a novelty indeed; and if it could be had, would establish a credit that would be far better than money, and no one was better aware, or could estimate the value of the fact better, than the subject of this brief sketch.

Mr. K. was distantly connected with Mr. R's family, which gave him a title to his notice, and to friendly advisement, should any occasion arise to call for it.

Taking with him the two thousand dollars which he had accumulated, he waited upon Mr. K. with a request to deposit it in his keeping. This was assented to, with some remarks of surprise that one so young and inexperienced should have acquired so large a sum in so short a space of time:

“Shall I give you a receipt for this amount, Isaac?”

“No, sir. But if you will be kind enough to endorse my note for that sum, at ninety days, I shall be greatly obliged to you.”

“Certainly; for although I do not give notes nor endorse them, yet I cannot refuse you, when you deposite the amount with me beforehand.”

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It is almost needless to say, that this endorsement gave a soundness and stability to his credit at the bank that soon reached and ripened into confidence with the commercial community generally; and in three years he had more than twenty square-rigged vessels, sailing under his directions to different parts of the world!

His perception of things was intuitive; and in all his transactions there was a degree of energy and celerity of thought and action, that swept away barriers and difficulties that would have discouraged other men from such undertakings. He grasped objects

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of adventure with consummate skill; and they never failed of success for the lack of unwearied and diligent attention. His mind was a magazine of creative resources and facilities of application, that imparted to all his enterprises appearances of wise and judicious undertakings. Many, very many old heads, distinguished for careful circumspection, and for great prudence and steadiness of purpose, have surrendered their caution to the force and vigour of his genius, and became his partners in "enterprises of great pith and moment."

There might be a multitude of interesting incidents related of the extraordinary talents and genius of this remarkable man; but there are substantial reasons for not enlarging them here. In person he was of a middling 106 height, dark complexion, keen black eyes, and always wore glasses.

There was another extraordinary self-made man, more recently on the stage of action, of great talents and of extraordinary capacity for business. There was concentrated in J. B. enough of energy and courage to have immortalized a regiment of men. His ambition kept pace with the energies of his character. The vicissitudes of his life singular and instructive, For more than thirty years he filled posts of honour and some of the highest stations in this community, both as a statesman and as a merchant and hanker; and now, after a regular course of study and reading, is a regular and rather a distinguished lawyer in a distant city.

When I first knew him, in 1805, he was a Quaker in dress and speech, and at that time did a large business at the custom house. I was then assistant register clerk. x opp.32 Edward Smith, the head clerk, was rather too free and easy with many merchants who did business with the office; and, among the rest, Mr. B. came in for a share of his assurance. The first time I recollect to have ever seen Mr. B., the following brief dialogue took place between him and Smith:

B. "I want the ship Nantucket's register."

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S. "You can't have it—it's not ready."

B. "When will it be ready?"

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S. "As soon as your are ready to clear the ship for sea."

B. "That won't do; I must have it before that. I shall speak to the collector."

S. "I shall speak to the collector, too. You yesterday cleared out the ship Nestor for Antwerp, and swore, or affirmed, that the sugars were actually on board; and after 3 o'clock, after I left the office, I went by the ship, and the sugars, more than one hundred hogsheads, were yet on the wharf! You are a pretty quaker, a'int you, to impose upon the collector, and take a false oath!"

B. "Mind thy own business, Smith, and don't meddle with mine."

He very rarely had business at our desk that he did not get a flout from Smith. These little annoyances were met with great equanimity of temper. There was one subject, however, that Mr. B. did not like to be reminded of; and Smith knowing it, availed himself of every opportunity that offered to joke him about it. It was this.

In loading or unloading a vessel that was consigned to him, some difficulty occurred with a gentleman interested in the cargo; and, it is said, presuming upon the well-known peaceable disposition and habits of Quakers generally, was offensively severe upon friend B., and that the quarrel proceeded so far as that both parties stripped off their coats for a battle. It was prevented by the 10 108 bystanders. The fact, however, reached the society's meeting, and friend Jacob was called upon to explain a transaction so palpably in the face of one of their fundamental principles. He denied the charge of fighting. "But," said one of the examiners, "thee cannot deny that thee had thy coat off, and that is pretty

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good evidence that thee intended to fight; and, report says, was only prevented doing so by persons more peaceable than thyself.”

Jacob still denied the charge.

“Why, then, did thee pull off thy coat?”

“I pulled off my coat,” said he, “to *run away!*”

There is another transaction of his, that has somewhat divided public sentiment as to the morality of it; but it was so adroitly performed as to leave but one impression as to the cleverness of it; and the incident has been deemed of sufficient importance to be dramatized.

It was formerly the case, before marine insurance companies were multiplied as they are now, that much of the business of insuring vessels and their cargoes was done “out of doors,” as it was called; that is, by individuals disconnected with any office. An individual of well established wealth would take a whole policy to himself, and by multiplying these risks, it was generally a good business.

In this instance, a ship that belonged to Mr. B. was 109 out of her time, and a larger premium than usual was offered. There was a Quaker gentleman residing at Brooklyn, who did a good deal of this out door underwriting, with whom Mr. B. had nearly closed a trade—so nearly, that the premium was agreed upon, and the policy prepared and given him to sign; but he preferred one night more for deliberation, before closing the bargain. That same night Mr. B. received certain information that she was lost. Very early the next morning he wrote the following note:

“Friend H.—thee have not put thy name to the policy, thee need not, for I have heard from the ship.”

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It is said that the ink had not fully dried on his name on the policy when it reached this side of the river. It resulted in the loss of 20,000 dollars to friend H.

Mr. B.'s present position as a lawyer of some eminence, having studied the profession, it is believed, after he was a half century old, and after he had sustained himself through several revolutions in commercial life, is abundant evidence of his genius and indomitable spirit of perseverance. It is understood, notwithstanding his having been educated in the peaceable principles of the Quakers, that he holds himself responsible to the conventional laws that govern men of honour.

A faithful history of this gentleman's life, after he shall have paid the last inexorable debt, would exhibit some most extraordinary instances of the almost omnipotence of human intellect. His patriotism and public spirit have done much good in this community, and if some errors which he committed are not yet altogether effaced from public remembrance, they are greatly out-weighed by the good which he did; more particularly that which was conferred on the poorer classes of mechanics.

Wherever it may please a kind Providence to cast his lot, he will occupy no middle ground. His talents and industry will command a station among the highest, and where he is known, there will be no one to question his fitness to be there.

He has represented, with decided ability, this District in the Senate of this State, and in all his relations of life, as a merchant, banker, and statesman he was proverbially distinguished for vigorous thought and sagacity of action.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

John Randolph of Roanoke. This eccentric and most extraordinary man was the observed of all observers for many years. He occupied a distinguished place in the legislative halls of Congress for a series of years, during several successive administrations; and indeed most of his life was passed amid the political storms and convulsions of party warfare. It is

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exceedingly difficult to speak understandingly of the characteristics of Mr. Randolph, both in person and manners. He was *unique* in both.

His person was slender to a remarkable degree; and although only of the ordinary height, yet he had the appearance, at a distance, of being rather tall than otherwise. This appearance was aided, too, by the peculiarity 10* 112 of the surtout, or overcoat, which was always of light drab, made with a single cape, and reaching nearly to his ankles. In cold weather he seldom took it off; and, in addition to this peculiarity, he usually wore round his throat, over the cravat, a bandana handkerchief, carefully put on; and with all, a small riding whip was scarcely ever out of his hand. This in fair weather. In rain or storm, an umbrella was substituted for the riding whip. His complexion was another of the remarkable peculiarities which distinguished him from all other men. It was decidedly dark and *Indian* in colour, but then there was in it a creamy admixture that gave inexpressible force and brilliancy to a pair of black eyes, such as were never set in any other head. When lit up by excitement, it was difficult to withstand even for an instant, the force of them. His hair was long and lank, and was combed back from the forehead without any partition to it on the top of the head, as other people wear their hair. His face was destitute of any beard, and as smooth as a woman's. Then again there were, even in early life, lines and marks about the eyes, mouth, and forehead, that gave a wizzard-like impression to the magical powers of his mind. I have never seen any of the Gipseys; but I have no doubt, from what I have read of them, that Mr. Randolph more resembled them than any other race.

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If he was thus remarkable and unique in person, dress, and manners, what shall be said of his voice? It filled every part of the largest of our legislative halls, without the least exertion to elevate it beyond the ordinary tones in which he addressed the House, and yet it was more like a child's or a delicate female's, than like a man's. In music it would be called, I think, a *false alto*. Call it what you will, no man ever heard it yet, but would ever after retain a lively recollection of it. There are thousands yet living who have been amused and

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interested, if not instructed, by the powers and eloquence of John Randolph, who will also bear me witness of its extraordinary adaptation to reach beyond any other voice, that was ever heard in any public debates on this side of the Atlantic.

Again, if all these were so remarkable, look at his equipage for additional marks of great eccentricity. His carriage was uniformly open, and known as a curricule, which was drawn by a pair of horses of his own raising, and driven by a servant—not less the produce of his Roanoke estate — with Juba, another of the household, and his particular and confidential friend as an outrider. Then, on the seat beside him, and one on each side, behold two beautiful spaniel dogs. This was the style and equipage with which he came every day to the 114 House. I shall have occasion, by and by, to speak again of this matter.

Mr. Randolph was an able debater, but had little or no influence as a legislator. He captivated and held in delight all who happened to come within hearing; but no one ever seemed to think much of the cogency of his reasoning. He was never at a loss for subject or words, but the matter was like a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. On one occasion, and if my memory is correct, it was the time when he undertook to show to the old Republican or Jefferson party, who had accused him of having deserted their standard, that they had abandoned their principles, he spoke four days successively. His appearance on that occasion was the oddest that can be conceived. The first thing that he did on obtaining the floor, after the Speaker had responded to his claim to it by saying, “ *the gentleman from Virginia*, ” — which is the customary salutation to all speakers,— was very deliberately and very coolly— provokingly so — to strip off his overcoat, and to lay carefully aside his hat and whip; and then transfer the bandana, which had previously adorned his throat, to his head. Even after he had thus tied up his head, and made other arrangements for a seven or eight hour's speech, he would stand perfectly motionless, looking st the Speaker as if he was waiting to have something 115 more said to him before he began. In this way he has taken in many a Chairman of the Committee of the Whole,

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and who have had their knuckles well rapt by him for interfering with his humour on such occasions, much to the amusement of a crowded auditory.

Mr. Randolph was, in all his intercourse with men, whether private or public, perfectly independent and fearless, more so, very often, than became good manners. His abrupt replies, so remarkably peculiar for sententiousness and voice, were often rude and offensive. The answer made to the clerk of the House of Representatives, when he first came to Congress, and when his turn came to be sworn in, is in point, and is strongly characteristic of the man. He looked so very young that the clerk was in doubts as to his eligibility to a seat; and before he propounded the oath, he said,

“Mr. Randolph, how old are you?”

“ *Ask my constituents, sir!* ” was the immediate, indignant, and energetic reply, with the additional admonition to the astonished clerk, to “ *Do your duty, sir!* ”

On another occasion, dining at General Smith's in Georgetown, the subject under discussion was the variety of colour and sweetness of butter, as compared with various countries and climates. Mr. Randolph spoke of some superior *fresh* Irish butter which he had brought with him on his return from one of his visit 116 to Europe, and how much better it was than that generally made in this country. A gentleman who sat opposite to him, very innocently said to Mr. R.

“ *Did it keep fresh, sir?* ”

“ *No, sir, it kept salt!* ”

His general residence was Georgetown, and his favourite abode was Simms's Hotel, where he and *Juba* domiciled very comfortably. Mr. R. was very unequal in temper, and consequently was about as often disagreeable as agreeable. He conversed well, and was always ready with a fund of well-arranged anecdotes to instruct and amuse his visitors,

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when in the humour to do so. My first and only visit to him was made, unfortunately for me when he was “ *not in the vein*. ” The physician whom he consulted, Doctor Clark, was one of my personal friends. Accompanied by this gentleman, we called on Mr. R. at his lodgings, and found him at full length upon the sofa. He sung out for Juba to bring wine and segars, and that is all the notice that he took of us. My friend was mortified and was disposed to be offended; but I had heard and seen enough of the man to forgive a wayward disposition.

On one other occasion, the stage was about leaving the Hotel soon after midnight. The driver was on his seat, ready to start as soon as the last passenger had taken his seat. The noise had awakened Mr. R., who had slept in one of the front rooms. He opened his window and putting his head out, inquired of the driver, first the time of night; next, what stage it was; and finally, what the weather was to be. All which the driver answered to the best of his knowledge and belief. When the driver had got through answering his questions, he began to reciprocate inquiries after information, by asking,

“ Who the d—l are you?”

“Me! Don't you know me, Mr. Driver? I am John Randolph of Roanoke!”

“Well, then, John Randolph of Roanoke may go to —, for what I care!”

“O, very well! very well, indeed, Mr. Driver! There is no flattery in that, and I am very well content. I wish you a pleasant ride and a good morning.”

Mr. Randolph had spent some time in Baltimore, and was in the habit of visiting the bookstore of Mr. C., a gentleman almost as eccentric as Mr. R., though in a very different way. The frequency of the visits to the bookstore had given Mr. C., as he thought, some claim to the acquaintance of the Virginia orator. Beside, the bookseller was much famed for his great consideration and attention to distinguished men.

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On the occasion of Mr. R.'s leaving Baltimore, several of the most respectable of the citizens were congregated 118 on the wharf from whence the steamer was about to take her departure, not probably to see Mr. R. off; but at that time the departure of a steamboat was more of a novelty than since.

Mr. C. was among the number, and espying Mr. R. among other passengers on the deck of the steamer, went up to that gentleman, and, with extended hand and much warmth of manner, expressed his great regret that Mr. R. was so soon to leave Baltimore. This familiarity of manner aroused the aristocratic pride of the Virginian, who, instead of accepting the proffered greeting, deliberately folded his arms upon his bosom, and exclaimed, in the squeaking voice so remarkable and natural to him, “ *Do I owe you anything, Mr. C.? If I do, make out your bill, sir!*”

It will be recollected that about the year 18——, Congress passed a law increasing their pay from six to eight dollars a day. It was called the compensation bill. It was distasteful to the people of many congressional districts, and some of the most popular were called to an account by their constituents for their vote on this occasion. Even Mr. Clay had to mount the stump again to save his extensive popularity. It was the occasion of that much admired anecdote which is related of him in reply to one of them. “Suppose I have done wrong,” said he, “in having voted for this increase of pay: is 119 that a good reason that you should discard me from your confidence? You own,” continued Mr. Clay, “a fine rifle, one that you are a good deal attached to: did it never miss fire?”

“Oh, often!”

“Well, then, did you break it to pieces against the nearest tree, because it missed fire, or did you pick the flint and try it again?” It is needless to say that all consented to pick the flint and try it again, He was reëlected by an increased majority.

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To return to the compensation bill. Mr. Randolph took an active and a prominent part in the debate in favour of it; and during the many days it occupied the house there was much able speaking. The house at that time could boast of some eminent men and distinguished jurists.

Mr. Randolph as usual, was discursive, wandering over earth and heaven; attacking and thrusting to the right and to the left; abusing, as it was his wont, those whom he did not like, and talking about every thing but the question in debate. I shall never forget the time and the manner of the commencement of his speech. I was in the house, and occupied a seat in the front gallery, where I had a perfect view of the whole floor. It was a stormy day, and he had an umbrella, instead of the everlasting whip, in one hand, and in the 11 120 other an orange. As soon as he had obtained the floor, and all eyes and ears were intent, and expectation on the tiptoe to hear the oxordium, which was usually spicy and amusing, he coolly began to suck his orange, as unconcerned and as indifferent to the feelings and convenience of the members, as if he were *Gulliver* and they *Lilliputians*! I forget now, who was the chairman on that occasion—Mr. Clay was speaker—but whoever he was, seeing the house impatient, he reiterated, “ *the gentleman from Virginia!* ” All the reply or satisfaction he got was the sententious “ *I know it, sir!* ” and then went on to suck his orange, while the whole house laughed at the rebuke. As soon as it suited his convenience to begin, the whole attitude and manner was inimitably fine. I have already spoken of the long black hair, combed and separated in front, something like the fashion with which women part theirs on the forehead; the bandana was around his neck, and the surtout on. In his left hand he held the umbrella, in the other the orange. The first motion was to throw forward his head toward the chairman, and a little turned on one side; the right hand elevated to about the height of the speaker's mouth, three fingers grasping the aforesaid orange; the other pointing to the chair: “I remember, sir,” said he, “about fourteen years since,—yes, sir, about fourteen years since, — that the gentleman from 121 South Carolina, (*Mr. Huger*), we were both then members of this house—set a popularity trap

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—yes, sir, a popularity trap, which he baited with brown *sugar* and *molasses*! But it caught nothing, sir!—not that I ever heard of.”

From *Mr. Huger* he flew at the New-England delegation, and declared that, in his opinion, a person could legislate as well, who ate brown bread and drank cider, as he who eats the best of viands and drinks the finest of wines. He also had a hit at Mr. Clay; and, indeed, very few of the most prominent members escaped his lash.

After Mr. Randolph had closed, *Cyrus King*, of Saco, now in Maine, got the floor. He was an able speaker among the ablest, and as he was known to be not much inferior to Mr. Randolph for pungency of matter, and style, every body was silent and attentive to hear his reply.

After having replied to some others who had preceded Mr. Randolph, he took that gentleman in hand, and for nearly half an hour he kept the house in a roar. It was difficult to keep order. Among other witty replies he made to Mr. R. he said, “I agree fully with the gentleman from Virginia, that he who eats brown bread and drinks cider, can legislate as well as he who dines on best of viands and drinks the most costly wines. And sir” said he, “I will go still further, and say that I believe 122 he who without parade humble walks to his duty in this house, can legislate as well, and as understandingly too, as he who comes to it in a carriage and six, Mr. chairman!—not sir, a coach and six horses, but a carriage with two horses, two negroes, and two dogs.”

This was so palpable a hit, that another general laugh went through the house. As soon as he well could, Randolph was heard amid the din to exclaim, ‘ *very good*, sir, a very fair hit, sir; yes sir, very good indeed, sir.”

Numerous other interesting and well authenticated anecdotes of this extraordinary man could be related, but enough has already been told to establish his character for great eccentricity and originality.

The last time that Mr. Randolph made his appearance in the House of Representatives was in the summer session of 1832. He was then quite feeble and emaciated, and was brought in by two black waiters, on a chair, and placed on one of the sofas back of the speaker's seat. His hair was yet black, with a few sprinklings of white, and combed back in the same fashion as before. The eyes had lost but little of their wonted piercing brilliancy. I walked close up to him and made my respects, without telling him who I am or other notice. The compliment was received with evident satisfaction, but the manner of evincing it, was that of receiving homage expected no more than was his due.

NEW WAY TO PAY DEBTS OF HONOUR, &c.

The following narrative was communicated to a jovial party by Mr. B., a Virginia farmer, a gentleman of high moral bearing and of sterling worth. The occasion and the motive of its relation are perfectly recollected, though more than a quarter of a century has disappeared since the recital of it.

A small party of friends had assembled on an early summer's day at the little falls of the Potomac, to amuse themselves in fishing, such as had a taste for it, and under the shade of the ample forest that covers the Virginia side of the Potomac, to enjoy the cool and refreshing shade which it afforded,— to eat the ready-prepared repast, and to quaff away the best wines and potations 11 124 that taste and skill had collected for their enjoyment.

I do not recollect ever to have met a more gentlemanly assemblage of persons than had collected together on that occasion. Most of us were citizens of Washington and Georgetown. Some were connected with the administration of the government, and some few were visitors from more distant parts of the country, having, business relations with the government of a temporary nature.

All were in the highest state of enjoyment, when some one exclaimed, “there comes B. at last.” He dismounted a short distance from us, and having committed his horse to the care

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of a servant boy who attended him, he approached and was heartily welcomed by those who knew him, and speedily introduced to the others. He made his apology for not coming earlier, and then, with true southern ease and *nonchalance*, entered into the spirit of the meeting. Songs were sung, and tales were told,—wit and repartee flashed from one to another, till all seemed to have taken their fill of enjoyment.

After a brief pause, Mr. B. was requested to tell a story or sing a song; neither of which he said he could do; but a true narrative of an adventure in which 125 he was involved in his younger days would be acceptable, he would endeavour to relate it.

“Having completed my education, which was liberal for a Virginia farmer,” said Mr. B. “and now being of age to manage my own concerns, without any family, except a widowed mother and two younger sisters, I came to the conclusion, that before I sat myself down to the sober and active duties of life, it would be very advisable that I should see something more of life than was afforded in the country. At that time Philadelphia was the head quarters of fashionable society, and thither I hastened with all the novelties and raptures that youth is filled with at such an age. Without the least experience of the ways and difficulties of life, without a mentor to guide or warn me of dangers, and with plenty of money at command, I launched out into the gay world, regardless of every other consideration than pleasure. It was not long, as you may well suppose, before the rich Virginian, as I was called, had many companions to accompany him into a full career of dissipation and folly. The theatre was my especial delight; and happy would it have been for me had I been content with that rational and instructive amusement. Balls were then more fashionable among good society—‘ *Assemblies* ’ they were called. Here I was caressed by accomplished mamma's, and smiled upon 126 by their lovely daughters. The cup of pleasure ran over, and I was fairly intoxicated with the charms and novelties of this kind of life. There was scarcely ever a night that I was not engaged in parties, either at the theatre or at a ball.

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At the same hotel where I staid, there was a gentleman of very reserved and retired manners, about thirty-five years of age, who seemed at times to regard with a particular kind of favour. Having repeatedly noticed his benignity toward me, I took an early occasion to speak to him, and found that he was from still farther south than myself; that he had come to Philadelphia with his crop of cotton to dispose of; and, like myself, desirous of seeing more of life than was to be found in the southern country. In short, our objects being much the same, we soon became intimate. And although there was some considerable disparity of years, yet a communion of feeling and pursuits soon made us fast friends. But then there was a sad drawback to the pleasure of our intercourse, in his stuttering! When not excited, he got along very well; but when agitated in the least, he could hardly get out a word once a minute. This circumstance rather endeared him to me than otherwise, as he seemed thrown upon me for help. When out visiting, and indeed at all other times when present, I was in the habit of answering for him; if right, he would nod his head; if wrong, he would shake it; then came the difficult of getting out what he wished to say.

After having spent a pleasant afternoon in wandering about the city, seeing such thugs as usually attract strangers' observation, we were invited to spend an evening at a gentleman's house in Arch-street. The name is not material, and I shall omit it. It was a card party. At the time I speak of, cards were much more commonly in use at parties than now; and from the bottom of my heart I wish they were entirely excluded, banished, from every house in the land.

We played deep and we played late. My Carolina friend and myself lost all our money and many thousand dollars beside. The money was lost to the person at whose house we were guests. Although the amounts lost by both of us were heavy, my Carolina friend lost considerably more than mine, yet that was not the worst loss. We had pledged our credit; and of course our honour was at stake, and must be redeemed at some rate or another. And although my income was considerable, yet it would take several years

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of strict economy to pay off so large a debt. Various were the consultations we had, and various were the plans suggested to satisfy our losses. At last, my Carolina friend suggested the idea, that perhaps it might appear, on investigation, that the person winning our money would not have had it in his power to have paid so large a sum as we had lost; and that by the rules of sporting in such a case, we should not be obligated to pay him! And again, he said, how do we know that we have not been swindled out of all this large amount?

‘Well,’ said I, ‘suppose that he should take these suggestions as a gentleman would, if he be one, and game, the consequences you see are inevitable; we must fight him!’

‘Ye-ye-yes,’ said he, ‘t-t-th-th-tha-tha-that is it! You t-t-t-ta-ta-talk t-t-t-to h-h-hi-hi-him, a-a-an-and I-I-I-I’ll f-f-f-fi-fi-fight him!’

So this being understood, we waited upon the gentleman, who received us very courteously; and after the usual greetings, I said,

‘My friend here and myself, deem it but an act of justice to ourselves, before we settle so large an amount as it appears that we have lost, that some inquiries should be instituted; and the first is, could you, in the event of your having been a loser to that amount, have made it good?’

‘That is a very fair question,’ said he, ‘and it shall be answered frankly.’

He wrote on a slip of paper—‘Is my check good for twenty thousand dollars? Please say yes or no, as the case may be, with your name signed to the answer.’

This was directed to the Cashier of the Bank of Pennsylvania, and a secant sent with it with directions to use all diligence, and to return immediately with the answer. Having despatched the secant on this errand, he turned to me, and said,—

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‘Well, sir, what is the next question that you bare to propound?’

I began to feel rather unpleasantly, and to wish that I had settled my share of the losses without any questions; but we had gone too far to retreat, especially on looking to my southern friend, I saw a fixed and firm determination not to be cajoled. And, to use an elegant and classical expression, there was no room for me to ‘*back out.*’ So I said,

‘My friend, sir, wishes to be satisfied that he lost his money fairly!’

‘Y-y-ye-ye-yes! t-t-th-tha-tha- *that's it!*’

The last two words were pronounced with great force and energy, peculiar to stuttering people, and which almost startled me even, although I had become quite accustomed to his manners.

‘O, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘I perfectly comprehend you, and the object you have in view. But let me tell you, 130 once for all, that I shall take no offence, nor receive any communication from either of you, till this matter is first disposed of. When that is satisfactorily arranged, I shall be ready to meet any demands that you may think proper to make on me!’

The servant soon returned; the account was good for the amount required, and we left with the promise to see him again shortly, and make a final settlement.

After we had left him, I said to my companion,

‘So it seems the fellow is game to the back bone, and not to be frightened from his ‘propriety.’

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'Y-y-ye- yes, ' said he, 'a-a-a-an- *and* I a-a- *am* g-g-gl-gla- *glad of it!* f-f-fo-fo- *for* I see I s-s-sh-sh-sha- *shall* g-g-ge-get a f-f-fi-fi- *fight out of him!* I-I'll *settle* with h-h- *him* i-if I c-ca-can o-on- *once* g-ge- *get* him a-at t-t-tw-tw- *twelve* p-p- *paces!* '

After a day or two we settled the affair without further difficulty, contrary to the wish of my more mercurial companion, who hung out to the last for a fight I gave my notes with interest, payable at long periods of time, which have all been paid. It gave me a lesson in gambling that has never been forgotten nor lost sight of by me, when tempted to renew so disgraceful a practice."

The Little falls of the Potomac are situate about three miles above the beautiful little city of Georgetown, 131 and are remarkable as a spot where frequent *pic nic* parties are held, and for the quantity and excellency of the fish taken there. The situation of these falls is picturesque and well worth the attention of all who are fond of the sublime works of nature. The north or Maryland side at this point, has no very striking feature of grandeur or novelty to recommend it, unless a large mass of mis-shapen and huge rocks scattered promiscuously about, and gradually rising so as to form a barrier or bank of the river, are so; but the south or Virginia side, is full of interest.

In the spring of the year, the *toute ensemble* is sufficiently attractive to induce large numbers to visit them.

A short distance below the falls, the river is crossed by a suspension bridge; and which affords an excellent site to take in the best and most striking features of the landscape,—and thus seen, forms altogether a splendid picture.

Between the bridge and the falls there is a continuous mass of high and precipitous rocks, nearly, and in many places quite, perpendicular. At the foot of these there are numerous projecting shelves, on which the fishermen poise themselves in their, sometimes, hazardous employment.

To secure themselves from drowning when they slip from these stands, which they frequently do, iron rings are placed in the sides of the rocks, to which one 12 132 end of a rope is fastened, and the ether is secured round the body. Before this security was resorted to, several fishermen lost their lives, particularly from among those engaged in taking *sturgeon*. The chief and most valuable employment of these men is in taking shad by scoop-nets. It is exciting and pleasing to view this exhibition from the Maryland side, especially of a morning, when the thick mist which most always hangs over these falls at this season, is being dispersed by the influence of the rising sun. It is well worth an early visit to view the picture produced by the gentle and gradual rolling away of the vapour. At first, the head of a man is seen to emerge from the dark mist that now begins to move up the sides of this wall of rocks; and then the small boat that is moored by his side to receive the produce of such a daring pursuit, is seen; and then again the whole man becomes visible, seemingly suspended in mid air, or if supported at all, with no other foundation to rest upon than the swift current at his feet. Then soon the whole train of men and boats appear, with the incessant moving of the scoop-nets let down and taken up, with the working and twisting of the poor fish as they find themselves fastened in the treacherous meshes, and whirled through the air, accompanied, as this scene always is, with the shouts of loud laughter and joyous merriment which is ever the result of successful fishermen.

A VISIT TO THE WOUNDED ENGLISH OFFICERS.

The battle of Bladensburgh, and the capture and destruction of the public buildings at Washington, are incidents fresh in the recollection of all who are familiar with the history of the last war. Living, as I then did, only a few miles from the scenes of action, there are many circumstances of some interest that took place at that time' which came to my knowledge, and which are not to be found in any history extant.

The incompetency of the gentleman appointed to command the troops that opposed the English on this occasion, is not generally known. And there are some events that

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transpired previous to, and at the time of the engagements, that have never been made public, 134 that I know of; but my chief object at this time, is to relate the interview which I had with the British officers, who were wounded at that battle and left behind prisoners of war.

It is not to be denied that the duties which devolved upon Gen. Winder upon his appointment to the command of the troops were onerous, and not easily surmounted. His activity and zeal were commendable, and the Government was more to be blamed for selecting an officer, who, however meritorious in other respects, was totally destitute of the experience which should have been placed in the command of so important a point.

Early in August considerable reinforcements arrived in the Chesapeake, under Admirals Cockburn and Malcum. The fleet was divided into three divisions. The first, under Sir Peter Parker, threatened Baltimore; and while the second ascended the Potomac, under Captain Gordon, the main body proceeded up the Patuxent with the land forces, commanded by Gen. Ross. They landed at Benedict on the 20th of August, and the next day pushed on a little in advance of Marlborough.

Col. Beall, who commanded about five hundred Maryland militia, and who had been in the regular service, represented to Gen. Winder the great impropriety of relying on militia to oppose veteran troops; at the same 135 time made a proposition to harass the enemy with his force by night attacks and stone wall ambushes, which in the present state of things would retard their march, and give time for the troops, expected from Baltimore, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, to arrive. This wholesome advice was rejected.

Although the American General, at this time, had not a sufficient force to meet the enemy, yet he had some good troops, especially the Second Regiment of Regulars, under Col. Scott; beside the volunteers of Washington and Georgetown were nearly equal in courage and discipline to the best regulars. The first order given by Gen. Winder for commencing the fight was to these volunteers, under Maj. Peters, Capt Davidson and Stull. This force

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consisted of a few pieces of mounted guns of small calibre, under Maj. Peters and the two infantry companies named above. This small force was ordered to “*advance and feel the enemy!!!*” The order was executed with a spirit and noble daring worthy of all praise. When they reached the enemy, several hours in advance of the main army, the advance of the British was just ascending a moderate sized hill, and so unexpected, and so unlooked for, that the first notice they had of the approach of the Americans was a spirited attack upon their advancing columns. An order was immediately given to extend both flanks, 12* 136 and by a rapid movement surround the daring little band. This order was frustrated by a second discharge, which tore away the bugle just as the man was in the act of executing the order. “That one incident alone,” said a British officer, “saved the whole from being taken prisoners.” Here, then, about one hundred and fifty volunteers, composed of the best and most respectable men of Washington and Georgetown, were sent many miles in advance of the main army to attack 6000 veteran troops, with no force to support or to protect them in their retreat! Just at this juncture Col. Laval, with a small body of horse, arrived in great haste, with an order from Gen. Winder to retreat!

As the British advanced the Americans retired, till they reached the heights about half a mile beyond Bladensburgh. Here they made a stand, determining to risk a battle. By this time a large force had collected. Several regiments from Baltimore, and a large body of militia from Virginia, with those that had previously assembled, amounted to nearly 15,000 men.

Bladensburgh is a very small village, or hamlet, situated on the left side of a moderate sized creek— and where it empties into the eastern branch of the Potomac. Above the village it is swampy, and below, the water is deep, and impassable without a bridge. It is on the direct road from Baltimore to Washington, and 137 about seven miles from the latter place. The stream here is crossed by a bridge of about thirty feet long. The ground is low for three or four hundred yards, and has the appearance of having been the bed of a much larger stream. To the right of this bridge, in a diagonal direction, about 500 yards distant, is a mill, and here, under some apple trees, was placed a small battery,

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the only force of any importance to dispute the passage of the bridge. The Baltimore troops, Stansbury's Brigade, and the Fifth Regiment, were stationed in the orchard immediately adjoining the battery, but they *retired* either by orders, or by their own volition, without coming into action—and never participated in the engagement, to the best of my information. I do not believe that a man of the whole Baltimore force fired a gun on that day, that reached the enemy. Not so with the little battery of four or five small field pieces. It drove the enemy twice from the bridge, and compelled them to take shelter behind the buildings of the village. This was the time to have brought up men that would fight. One thousand good men and true, such as he had in the Second Regiment, marines from the Navy Yard, and the volunteers of the district, Gen. Winder could easily have prevented the British from crossing the bridge.

After a short pause, a large body advanced rapidly in the face of the battery, which, although managed with great spirit and skill, was unable to prevent their making good a position on the road leading to Washington. Other columns were immediately pushed forward, crossed the bridge, and formed in good order, without much annoyance from our army stationed on the hills in front, and about three eighths of a mile distant.

The English began their movements by deploying both to the right and left, while a considerable body, under Col. Thornton, attacked the Americans in front. Here he was met by the veteran Barney, with a few sailors, stationed in the road, and by the marines under Captain (now Colonel) Miller, who was posted on the left. To the left of these again, the Maryland militia, under Colonel Beall, were stationed; and, said the colonel, "They did bravely, while the stone fence protected them, firing in good order, and with considerable effect; but the English soon outflanked us, and then we did as all militia will do, *run away*."

Captain Miller and Commodore Barney were soon over-powered by numbers, and both fell, severely wounded. Without bringing any other force to repel the victorious enemy, General Winder gave the order to retreat to Tenleytown, a small hamlet a few miles beyond Georgetown, on the road to Montgomery Court House. Major Peter solicited permission to

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place his artillery 139 in the Capitol, and from its windows defy the insulting foe. This was refused.

It appears, then, from this brief statement of that most disgraceful affair, that the Baltimore troops, stationed on the right of the road, more than 2000 strong, with the exception of the fifth regiment, who behaved with great gallantry, and would have done good service if they had been brought into action, scarcely fired a gun, but hastily *retired* from the scene of action; and the best troops, except those already named, viz., the second regiment of regulars, under Col. Scott, and the District volunteers, stationed also on the right of the road, but at a greater distance, and somewhat in the rear of the Baltimore troops, were never brought into action. I know that when the order to retreat reached *General Walter Smith*, who commanded the District volunteers, he tore the hair from his head, and declared that we were infamously disgraced beyond the power of man to heal. And this was the sentiment of every officer who was capable of forming a judgment, and who was an eyewitness of the whole affair. Captain Miller, while lying and bleeding on the ground, was stripped of his purse and watch by an English soldier. While he was helping himself to Capt. Miller's effects, that gentleman remonstrated with the fellow on the impropriety of his conduct, declaring that he would have his conduct 140 reported to the first English officer he could communicate with. "Oh, poh!" said the chap, with the most immovable *nonchalance*, "you will die, and no one will ever be the wiser," and on he marched. Fortunately for Capt. Miller, it happened otherwise. He was soon descried by an English officer, was placed upon a litter, and removed to Bladensburgh, where his wounds were dressed, and where his watch and purse were soon restored to him. Commodore Barney and others, who had been wounded, and who fell into their hands were well treated and well taken Care of, while they had the time and power to do so.

The English remained only a short time after the destruction of the public buildings, but retreated to their ships with more precipitancy than they had advanced, leaving behind them quite a number of wounded officers, and among others, Cols. Thornton and Wood.

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A few days after the retreat of the British, I was invited by Mr. L., a gentleman of high standing, to accompany him on a visit to the wounded English officers, who had been left behind at Bladensburgh. As we rode slowly along, it was melancholy to see the number of new-made graves, scattered all along the edge of the road near where the battle was fought, and to contemplate the sacrifice of human life for unhallowed purposes. It was easily seen, from the position of the 141 graves, where the contest was, and who it was that caused the deaths of those that were buried within them.

As we crossed the bridge, and entered the little village, the courage of the small band who were stationed at the battery in the orchard, near the mill, was made conspicuously manifest by the large number of shotholes to be seen in the direction of the firing.

We found Col. Thornton in an upper room of a small gambrel roofed house, situated in the midst of the village, once of yellow colour, but faded by time and weather to nearly its wood complexion. He received us graciously enough, but with a cold dignity of manner which marked strongly the absence of those courtesies which is supposed to be the characteristic of well bred men. He made no complaint of his situation, nor did he acknowledge that he was the recipient of any particular kindness or attention. He knew himself to be a wounded man and a prisoner of war, and was prepared to cheerfully submit, like a brave man and good soldier, to his inevitable fate. His complexion was fair, inclining, I think, to sandy. He was rather below the middle stature; but the effects of the wound had drawn him into a position that I could not well judge accurately of his height, and about forty years of age. He inquired particularly about the various forces that he had seen, and who commanded them. "You had a few good troops," said he. Turning suddenly to Mr. L. he said, "Who were they on the height close to the road, about 150 men."

"They were the marines from our Navy Yard, under the command of Capt. Miller."

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"Well, sir," said he, "I have served during the whole war in the Peninsula, and have seen some bard fighting, but I have never seen such good and effective firing as I saw that day from that little band. It was from them that I got my wound. Could you have brought into action 1500 such troops, we should never have reached Washington."

He spoke also in warm commendation of Com. Barney's conduct. "Who was that elderly man, on your extreme right, who wore spectacles, and who commanded home four or five hundred militia?"

"That was Col. Beall. He has been in the regular service."

"So I should suppose. He made the most of his command. With disciplined troops, he would have been an ugly customer."

This is the same Col. Thornton who subsequently led a detachment of 3000 English troops on the 8th of January, in the ever memorable battle of New Orleans, and attacked the American works on the right bank of 143 the Mississippi, while Sir Edward Packenham attacked Gen. Jackson's entrenchments on the left.

From this gentleman we went to visit Col. Wood and his companions; they were stationed a little way out of the village, at the old mansion house of Mr. Stoddard, a former secretary of the navy. Here was quite a different reception. Here was all gratitude and thanksgivings. Col. Wood declared that the attentions and kindnesses shown to him and his friends by the neighbours, could not be surpassed had they been among their own friends and relations in England. "Every morning and evening there are sent us custards, jellies, sweetmeats, and indeed every kind of delicacy, which a mother or sister would contrive for us, were we under their nursing. I cannot fight such people," said he. "If my government cannot find other employment for me, I will go home, resign my commission, and turn my sword into a pruning hook." 13

BURNING OF HAVRE DE GRACE.

There are many interesting events of the last war with England, fresh in the recollection of a majority of our population; and not a few remain alive who took an active part in them. Indeed, so recent are these events, it may be almost said that they are related by contemporaneous history. Be that as it may, more than twenty years since the close of it has not effaced the recollection of its defeats and disgrace; nor has it dimmed the lustre of our trophies both by land and by water. Indeed, if an account current is fairly stated, our achievements will far outnumber our defeats.

There were, however, some acts perpetrated by the English forces, during this war, that impartial history will stamp with dishonour, even if a worse name be not given to them.

Soon after the commencement of hostilities, a large naval force was sent upon our coast by the British Government, to prevent the egress and ingress of all description of vessels; but the Chesapeake Bay seems to have called forth more than ordinary attention from the commander-in-chief. A considerable fleet was kept in and about the waters of this bay during the whole war. One of the earliest achievements that graced the prowess of their arms in these waters, was the destruction of the beautiful and defenceless town of Havre De Grace.

It is situated near the mouth of the Susquehanna, on the west side of that magnificent river, and in its general aspect, resembles the quiet and peacefulness of an interior village. Certain it is, there were no formidable extensive fortifications to excite them to deeds of martial glory. True it is, there were two or three guns, without carriages, at a small spot called, *par excellence*, a fort; but, in reality, only a small breastwork, that could not, by any stretch of fancy, be tortured into so formidable a thing as a fort. And it is equally true, that there were several “*Captain Bobadils*,” dressed in militia uniforms, whose boastings of what they intended to do, should the British dare to put their feet upon the soil consecrated by the blood of their ancestors, were only equalled by the hasty nimbleness

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they displayed in running away, when danger did menace them. But I am anticipating matter that should be reserved for another place.

The war was declared in June, 1812. By April of the following year, the British had collected a large force in the upper part of the bay. It was early in May that we left Philadelphia in the stage for Baltimore, where we intended to sojourn awhile, preparatory to a further removal south. I had intrusted to me several packets and parcels, from friends in Philadelphia to friends in Baltimore, some of them of considerable value. Our object being to make our removal permanent, we took with us all the effects remaining to us, which were securely packed in several trunks, and which constituted all the wealth we possessed.

By the arrangements then existing, the passengers which left Philadelphia in the morning were to lodge at Havre De Grace. The stage was full. At that time there was no such thing as outside passengers. The driver's seat was even with the others, and one covering answered for all.

As the day declined, and we began to near the river, rumour, with her thousand tongues, was rife with all sorts of reports of English fleets, armies landed, and 147 towns burnt, exaggerated beyond the semblance of probability. At Elkton we were assured that the British fleet had come up to within a few miles of Havre De Grace, and could be readily seen, without the aid of a telescope, from the public road, and that there were well grounded fears that their intention was to destroy all the towns and villages along the head waters of the bay.

As this intelligence came from a respectable looking man, and was communicated, apparently, without the remotest ambition of wishing to appear a village oracle, we began to have serious fears for our own safety. Various views and opinions were advanced. Some were for turning back, and taking the road through Columbia and York; others advised that we should remain all night on this side of the river; but a majority were for

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crossing, and if danger really threatened, to continue on about eleven miles further, to the village of Bush, and there lodge. It was finally settled that we should cross the river, and, after obtaining such information as could be had, then to adopt such a course as wisdom would suggest.

As we approached the river the scene became exceedingly animated and interesting. A few miles south of us were to be seen in full view the enemy's fleet, riding in all the dimity and majesty of triumph, commanded 13* 148 by Admiral Cockburn; the tall masts towering above the forest trees that nearly surrounded the noble looking ships. A strong south wind had prevailed during the day, which had created a considerable swell, and as the angry waves burst from their confinement, their white tops coming in contact with the deep shade caused by the opposite hills, the picture became full of grandeur and animation.

On reaching the ferry there was another warm discussion as to the propriety and safety of crossing the river that night; but before this could be settled the baggage was stowed away with the mails in the large ferry-boat, and the lights from numerous windows in Havre De Grace began to dance upon the dark waters of the Susquehanna.

The ferrymen gave us no consolation. They informed us that "a visit from the enemy was certainly expected that night; but it may not take place, because they were equally and as certainly looked for last night. If you will take our advice, you will not remain any longer on the other side than will be necessary to perfect your arrangements to go on."

We were finally landed, and our baggage taken to a large public house, kept by Mrs. Sears, a widow lady. To describe the scenes that here met our view, would require the genius and graphic powers of a Hogarth. 149 Here had assembled from the adjoining country some twenty or more militia officers, dressed out in all the gaudy trappings of a full parade day, to defend by their prowess the domestic altars and firesides of their neighbours of Havre De Grace. They had had a late dinner or an early supper, and, from appearances, to promote digestion probably, had indulged pretty freely in the wine cup, or

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some other exciting beverage. There was one young man in uniform from Baltimore, who had something to do with the guns at the fort: and he “hoped to—that they would attempt a landing; he would sink all the boats of the fleet, should they have the temerity to approach his battery!” “Our army swore terribly in Flanders!” And yet this Captain Bobadil was one of the first to run away, and that too without firing a gun! To return to the narrative.

After supper there was a still further consultation, which ended in a wise conclusion to go on that night, and without delay, to Bush to lodge. The horses were harnessed, and other preparations were in progress, when it was discovered that the driver would not go on!

The house where we lodged was a large double two story building, facing the south, or down the river, with a wing to the east, and a long range of kitchen, &c. projecting 150 from the back part, and extending north. The room that we lodged in was over the east parlour, of course a front bedroom. I took the precaution to have all our trunks and effects carried to our lodging room. By half past ten or eleven all the inmates had retired to their several apartments. There were no sounds to disturb the repose of the weary traveller, nor anything to denote the presence or proximity of an armed force and a vindictive foe.

Just as the day dawned I was awakened by the report of heavy artillery. It neared with fearful rapidity. I had scarcely time to realize what it was, and our critical situation, when we were startled with a loud report in our room, accompanied with pieces of the wall flying in all directions! This was followed quickly with continuous showers of grape shot, some entering through the upper part of the windows, cutting away the plaster over our heads, while others lodged in the roof. I ran to the window, but there was nothing to be seen but a few men without uniforms, behind a barn, who were evidently preparing for flight. As the firing increased, our situation became more and more irksome and alarming; and to add to the horrors of it, I found, on trying to escape, that some one had fastened the door on the outside! I hallooed at the top of my voice for assistance. No response came. All were alive to their own danger, 151 and were exerting themselves to the uttermost to flee to place of safety. The noise and confusion below stairs increased to a painful degree. I tried to insert

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my fingers to get a sufficient hold of the door to burst it open, and had got one hand partly in, when I was released by a gentleman of Baltimore, by the name of Comeges, who had left in his flight an important package behind him, and had suddenly returned to secure it.

My wife had no time to dress herself, or her infant. I threw her travelling dress over her shoulders, and in this deplorable condition we made our exit by the back door; and I believe were the last that made their escape from this ill-fated house.

We took a northwesterly direction, keeping the house as a shield between us and the firing of the invaders. At this time the scene that presented itself was animated and picturesque beyond my ability to describe. The air seemed alive with congreve rockets, squirming and hissing about like so many fiery serpents. The hills were covered with flying, frightened, and half-dressed people; many of them curiously encumbered with useless and worthless articles, which they had, in their alarm, unconsciously brought away. One man had grasped an empty band-box without cover, which he was guarding with as much care as if it had been a 152 child! Another had the side piece of an old bedstead, which when joined with his fellow could not have been of much value, but now entirely worthless! Here were women crying for their children, and children crying for their lost parents! Behind us the flames and smoke of the burning village, as they circled and rolled about, forming dark thick clouds, which expanded as they were wafted onward by the breeze into various fantastic shapes.

Finding ourselves at last beyond the reach of their shot and rockets, we stopped to take breath. The most interesting object among the thousand that attracted our attention, was the burning tavern house of Mrs. Sears, where we had left the whole of our worldly goods, and many valuable articles belonging to various friends. We had not saved so much as even a change of linen for any of us,—all was irretrievably lost! Our wardrobe, especially my wife's, which had been filled in more prosperous times, by gradual accumulations, was a severe loss. The plate and jewelry were not much.

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A few minutes of rest and observation was sufficient for our purpose, and then we fell into the line of march with the rest. About a mile or something more, we came to the house of a gentleman by the name of Hughes. It was by this time full to overflowing, mostly 153 with females. Here the child was dressed, with the aid of the benevolent lady of the house. Here too we made a bargain with a black man to take us on to Bush. He had just finished tackling up the horses, and was fixing temporary seats in the wagon for our accommodation, when up rushed a small company of frightened militia, who informed us that a large body of marines, led on by Admiral Cockburn himself, were just under the hill, and close at hand. This intelligence drove us once more into the open fields. We took the nearest way to the stage road to Baltimore, crossing in our course brooks and sundry new ploughed lots; and after travelling three or four miles, we came to a mill where a wagon was loading with bags of flour. For a trifle we made a bargain with the owner to take us on to Bush. By this time the sun had become powerfully hot. Without any covering to the wagon, seated on the bags of flour, without food or refreshments of any kind since the night before, worried in body and mind, we at length arrived safely at the stage-house, in the hospitable little village of Bush.

Here we refreshed and recruited ourselves with the creature comforts of a good breakfast, but more so by the sympathy and kindness of the excellent people who kept the house. A stage was soon got in readiness, and off we went for Baltimore, where we arrived late 154 in the afternoon, and were the first to carry the news of our own loss, and the destruction of Havre De Grace.

This intelligence created great excitement, and soon spread to the remotest parts of the city. Proffers of kindness and aid flowed in upon us from all quarters; but with the exception of one worthy family, and twenty dollars sent anonymously to clothe the child, we commenced the world again *de novo*, without any of the assistance from those who so profusely offered it.

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Some months after, while removing the rubbish for a new foundation for the tavern house, several parts of spoons were dug up, which were known to belong to us by the marks on the handles. These Mrs. Sears was kind enough to send to us; but they had become of very little value.

A NIGHT IN FORT McHENRY.

The wanton destruction of Havre De Grace by the English, and other kindred acts of theirs along the upper part of the bay, excited, very naturally, great indignation throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. Every man that could handle a musket was impelled, either by patriotism, or by the universal organization of military associations, to join himself to some one of the numerous companies that were every day forming to repel invasion. In Baltimore the military fever was high; and such was the deep feeling that pervaded all classes, that a strong physical disability alone would have satisfactorily excused the omission. Not having myself any disqualification of the kind to screen me from the performance of so reasonable a duty, 14 156 and although exceedingly reluctant to put myself in the way again of being shot at, I joined a *volunteer* company then being formed by Captain, now General S.

The militia from the adjacent country began to assemble in considerable numbers, and formed encampments round about the city. General Miller of Pennsylvania was appointed by the government to assume the command. This officer had seen some hard service during the war of the revolution, and was well known and highly esteemed as a disciplinarian. In all his orders and conversations he was brevity itself. He used fewer words to make himself understood than any other individual I ever knew: and notwithstanding this remarkable sententiousness, there was no difficulty in perfectly comprehending all he said.

Our company was regularly drilled twice a day. Our captain was a young gentleman, highly esteemed, and of popular manners; well calculated by his personal demeanor to gain the confidence, as well of those he commanded, as of his contemporaries.

The formidable array of the enemy's forces, as they were displayed at the mouth of the Patapsco, the fearless, and in some respects, sanguinary character of Admiral Cockburn, the commander-in-chief, created a well founded belief, that the pillage of the rich city of Baltimore, would be attempted at every hazard.

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It is advisable, at this stage of our brief narrative, to have a satisfactory and comprehensive knowledge of the localities involved in my story, that the map of Baltimore and the immediate neighbourhood be examined. And it is not foreign to the objects in view, in writing these recollections of the war, that the important commercial attitude of this great city be also examined into and well comprehended. The chief object that nations have in view when they make war upon one another is, in the language of an eminent statesman, "to see which can do the other the most harm." Here were supposed to be concentrated large stocks of flour and tobacco; here had been fitted out well-appointed and justly celebrated privateers,—unequalled, indeed, for speed, and which had done good service in capturing the enemy's vessels, and otherwise distressing their commerce; and here had existed an indomitable spirit of resistance to the many wrongs we had long endured from a haughty foe. Such were, therefore, some of the inducements which would naturally prompt a powerful enemy in making a descent upon the city.

That such was their intention, these inducements, and the large force now in sight at the mouth of the river, left no room to doubt. How was this to be accomplished? A large force was indispensable to insure the probability of success. How and where could such 158 an army be landed? Not on North Point, because the distance to march before they could reach the city would be so considerable, that the alarm would be given, and all the forces

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in the vicinity would be brought to oppose them; and beside, to effect the object, the blow must be suddenly struck, and with as much silence as practicable.

The conclusion then was, that the attack would be made in boats, in two divisions; the largest to begin with the fort, while the other would pass up the west branch of the Patapsco, and if advisable, fall on the rear of the fort, or prevent troops from being sent to succour it.

If you examine the position of Fort McHenry, you will be struck with its peculiar eligibility as a point of defence. There is at once seen the goodness and the hand of an Almighty Creator in its formation. Just far enough removed from the city to prevent an attack by water, and near enough to send out aid if the attack should be made in another quarter.

The fort itself is of the very best construction, and of great strength and power. In full expectation of an attack, every evening a portion of the troops was thrown into it, to assist the garrison in its defence whenever the assault should be made.

The regiment to which our company was attached, was ordered to hold itself in readiness for the next night, 159 and be prepared for the duties that would be assigned its performance. Preparation Was made in accordance Ammunition was distributed, haversacks and canteens filled, and in the lieu of blankets, each one was advised to substitute an overcoat or cloak. This recommendation only applied to the city troops, who had no encampment, but lodged at their several homes; the forces from the country were well provided for the tented field.

At the time appointed we were marched into the fort and our quarters were fixed in a building near the entrance gate. When not on duty, our intercourse with the officers was free of all restraint: of course the duties and dangers of the approaching night were freely interchanged. It was generally believed, from many circumstances which had recently transpired, that this was the night fixed on for making the assault The night previous, the boats, estimated as fifty in number, had been seen by persons on the south side of the

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river, feeling their way along with muffled oars, and that they did not return to the ships till daylight. In short it amounted, according to various omens, to a certainty that our work was cut out for the night the attack would most assuredly be made.

When the turn came for our company to do duty; we were placed in an opening directly in front, and u near 14* 160 the middle of the works as could well be defined by the eye; of course facing immediately down the river; the very spot, above all others, where danger was to be expected and encountered. I cannot say for myself that I relished the enviable distinction conferred upon us; and to be frank about it, I would have much preferred a post of less danger, and where no laurels were expected to be gained.

The breastwork or battlement where we were stationed, reached a little more than breast high, so that good aim could be had by resting your gun on the top of it. On each side, "where caution marks the guarded way," there were much higher battlements, on which sentinels were stationed, walking to and fro, who ever and anon passed the sonorous and heart-cheering exclamation, "all's well!"

It was about 12 o'clock, the "witching time of night," when a sentinel on our right challenged, but no response came. All was quiet. Very soon another sentinel on our left challenged, "who goes there? advance and give the countersign." Something was heard in reply, but what it was we could not hear or understand. That a boat or boats were approaching was certain, for it was easy to hear the sound of the oars! There could be no doubt but that the English were upon us, and 161 this was only a feint to enable them to get close in before their numbers should be discovered.

We were ordered to be ready, but be sure not to fire before the word was given. Every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the advancing foe; and all ears were open, expecting every instant to hear the report of some part of the lower battery.

There is no attitude more agonizing than that of perilous suspense. It is related of Commodore Preble, that in going into battle he was a perfect maniac; but the instant a

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gun was fired, he became calm and gentle as an infant; and what is quite as remarkable, totally unconscious of his frailty. His first lieutenant, now an aged and grave commodore himself, relates, that on one occasion, as they were preparing for action, Commodore Preble abused him shamefully, bestowing upon him, among other abusive appellations, that of coward. After the action was over, he presented the commodore his sword, and demanded a court martial. There was no trace upon his mind of any such circumstance.

Our situation became exceedingly painful. Troops were marched and countermarched rapidly from point to point, and all orders given in suppressed tones. Every thing bore the impress of danger, and the certainty of an approaching conflict. At such a crisis the imagination is swayed with irresistible rapidity and 162 force. To flee, while honour and patriotism rebuked the unworthy thought, was impossible; it was equally futile to attempt any stratagem whatever, to shield myself from partaking of the common danger, and sharing in the result. I ran over in my mind *Fallstaff's* disquisition upon "honour," as he rolled over the body of Hotspur, who had just been slain by the Prince of Wales, and came to the conclusion, that however much Jack was celebrated for his wit, and being the cause of it in others, his wisdom in this matter was no less manifest.

To sum up the whole affair in one word, I, for one, was prodigiously frightened, and would have rejoiced with all my heart to have been released without a battle. The relief came at last, and all was explained. The English had not moved from their ships. The anticipated bloody conflict was occasioned by a negro man, who belonged to the east side of the river, and who had been to the other side on a visit to his mistress; returning, had incautiously approached too near to the fort; and having once got within the hail of the sentinels, could not retreat.

He was kept in his boat under the guns until daylight, when he was examined, and the above facts being elicited, he was permitted to return home

GEN. WASHINGTON'S MARQUEE.

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I am one of those who believe that when the Great Creator formed the Universe, he set aside, or plainly designated, certain formations on which cities should be built, as well for manufacturing and commercial purposes, as for seats of government. And that no one can view without emotion the singularly and curiously formed adaptation of Washington for the seat of Empire. Removed as it is more than one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, yet at the head of one of the finest rivers in the world, and navigable for ships of any size; and although the ruthless hand of rapine has once reached and disfigured its magnificent temples, and stained the nation's honour, still, with ordinary precautions, its interior location would in a great degree be its protection from 164 foreign foes. View the crescent of hills that encloses more than a moiety of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, forming as they do almost unequalled sites for mansions of elegance and domestic comfort; and removed too just far enough to enjoy all the pleasures and luxuries, without being annoyed by the noise and the dust of a populous city, and then say if my hypothesis be not marked almost to demonstration. But this is not all. The other requirements for building and sustaining a large city, are to be had in great profusion. The land and the water yield every production of their respective elements in great abundance. In climate too there seems to be a fair division between the extreme north and extreme south.

The scenery too is beautiful. Already the heights are crowned in many places with princely mansions partly enclosed, as most of them are, with variegated forest and ornamental trees, forming as rich a landscape as can well be imagined. Among those that stand most conspicuous, and which adorn and beautify the scene, is Arlington house, the seat of G. W. P. C. Esq. It ornaments the brow of a lofty hill on the western side of the Potomac, within the limits of the Ancient Dominion, and from the front of the Capitol, has the appearance of facing that noble building in a direct line. The distance probably three miles. It is not the seat of elegant and 165 cheerful hospitality; nor does its owner often smooth the rugged steps of life by generous blandishments of any kind. If by any accident he should be thrown out of his habitual cautionary economy, and a hospitable impulse

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get possession of his usually guarded faculties, it would not be carried out as became the wealthy Virginia planter. He boasts of his connexion with the noble name he bears, but there is no blood of the ever honoured chief that commingles, directly or remotely, with his mean and sordid disposition. When I have finished the brief recital of facts connected with my story, I will trust to your discernment to discover that what I have said or may say in relation to Mr. G. W. P. C., is not the dictation of invidiousness. The man who could, with unbounded wealth, depend upon his friends for suitable clothes to make a public appearance in, could not excite in me any other feeling than contempt.

During several years' residence in the District, it was customary in the summer months to have *pic-nic* parties, composed usually of a few neighbours. Sometimes they would proceed in carriages to the Little Falls, and there, the roaring cataract in view, under some cool shade, enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." But oftener they were conveyed in boats to some shady retreat on the Virginia shore, where, in the vicinity of a cool and gurgling spring, their little 166 contributions of eatables and drinkables were united, and enjoyed far beyond the comprehension of those who never eat or drink away from the spicy, mixtures of Delmonico and Blanchard. Sometimes a portion of the party would start on a fishing excursion, with the frying-pan, bacon, catsup, &c., with an understanding where and at what hour to meet, and their fare, after due preparation, was added to the other agreeable and toothsome provision.

The most eligible and frequented spot for enjoying these entertainments was in a bend of the river, between the bridge to Alexandria and Mason's Island. There was here a clump of tall trees and a spring of excellent water, close to the margin of the river.

These parties were often enlarged and enlivened by the addition of some of the gentlemen of the theatre. In those days the Philadelphia and Baltimore company spent their summer months at Washington; and although, from the limited population and the heat of the weather, the theatre was not often crowded, yet it afforded a genteel support, and gave the members an agreeable recreation for two or three months. Warren and Francis seldom, if

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ever, joined these meetings, but Jefferson was a good fisherman, and was passionately fond of the sport. Beside, few men in any profession were more intelligent in general subjects and conversed better than Jefferson. In the fine and mechanic arts he was no mean proficient. His scenic and landscape paintings were respectable performances, and there was scarcely a piece of machinery belonging to a theatre that he could not make. At home, in Powell-street, Philadelphia, he had quite a workshop, where he amused himself in mechanical experiments. He could turn an old woman into a hen and chickens equally well with any of the itinerant conjurers. He even made his own wigs.

As an actor, he belonged to the old school, and in pathetic old men, never had his equal on this side of the Atlantic; and as a general comedian, there probably never lived a greater favourite. I have enjoyed, during more than half a century, an extensive acquaintance among all classes of society, and I take pride and pleasure in saying that, among them all, I never knew a better or a more honourable man than Joseph Jefferson. He was a good husband, father, and friend.

On one occasion we had assembled at this favourite spring, had eaten our repast, and were just in the midst of songs and anecdotes, when the owner of the place, Mr. G. W. P. C., made his appearance. He welcomed us all to his grounds, but he gave Jefferson a most cordial greeting. Our provisions were of the best kind, and as they were freely partaken of, generous and high-minded 15 168 resolves were entertained. Several present had never had the honour of knowing the great man before, and were particularly anxious to make themselves agreeable. Burke told his best story; Duff sang a new Irish song; in short, all exerted themselves to amuse and suitably entertain the visiter. At the end of one of Jefferson's rich songs, Mr. C. declared that we would have one grand entertainment on that very spot on such a day, and that such was his notion of the honour to be conferred upon him by accepting the invitation, that he would have General Washington's Marquee spread for the occasion! the identical marquee used by the General during the war! "And,

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gentlemen," said he, "I promise you a real stuffed Virginia ham, and some bottled crab cider, from my estate on York River!"

My acquaintance with Mr. C. was slight; but from what I had heard of his meanness and want of hospitality, it occasioned no little surprise that he should give out such an invitation. As I pondered on this matter, I began to reproach myself with having entertained a popular prejudice unjustly.

The story soon got abroad. Mr. C. had invited a party to an entertainment to be given by him, under General Washington's Marquee on such a day, at the spring. There was to be music to enliven the meeting. As we had permission from Mr. C. to invite our friends, 169 it was soon found a most difficult matter to know whom to exclude; for every one who had ever been in the practice of uniting in these pic-nic parties, was an applicant for the privilege of attending this.

The resistless tide of time swept on, regardless of man's puny desires and regrets, and more powerful in weal or in wo, than he has the capacity to comprehend, and brought with it the day, so much desired by some, and hailed by all the invited guests as one which was to confer on them high honour as well as pleasure.

There is something about the very name of Washington that excites to exhilaration every faculty of soul in an American. He identifies himself with, and participates in, the imperishable and enduring fame which the noble chief won by his exalted virtue and courage in defence of his country. "I have," said *Erskine*, in presenting a book to Washington, "an extensive acquaintance among the most exalted of mankind, but you, sir, are the only human being that I ever approach with awe." The sentiment is common with a large majority of the wise and good of both hemispheres; but there are very few, if any, who could have clothed the thought so beautifully. Whatever, therefore, is connected with the name becomes valuable. More than forty years ago, when I was only a lad, I was sent for to the house of the late Judge Chauncey, of New Haven, 170 to see and to

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handle the box made out of the oak that had concealed Sir William Wallace, and which had been presented to General Washington by the Historical Society of Scotland. I hug the recollection of that event with pride, and with all the fondness of an experienced antiquary. So associated, these things become ideal realities, and are garnered up as invaluable. And so thought those who were invited to the entertainment under General Washington's Marquee.

At the time appointed there were assembled, to the best of my recollection, about twenty; among them several that were distinguished for great respectability and high standing. His honour the Mayor of Georgetown was among the number. The old chief's tent was slovenly stretched in a northerly and southerly direction, in length some twenty or thirty feet. It covered a temporary table, on which there was the promised stuffed ham. In the small stream that meandered from the spring there was placed to cool six bottles of "York River crab apple cider."

We should have deemed it indecorous and decidedly insulting to have carried provisions for the party in the face of the invitation; but it too soon became painfully evident that we had to provide more or go without. One small ham would not feed the party, nor would six bottles of "York River crab apple cider" be drink sufficient. 171 After a brief consultation a messenger was despatched to Georgetown to bring down a sufficiency of every thing likely to be wanted, and in the mean time we purchased of Mr. C.'s coloured people, living near by, chickens, eggs, &c. It was the same thing in effect as if we had bought the provisions of himself!

Good wine and other good things in plenty arrived in ample time to have made out a day of rational enjoyment; but such was the disgust felt, that every effort made to amuse proved abortive. *Jefferson*, as he always did, goodnaturedly undertook to make such excuses as his kind heart prompted, and exerted himself incessantly to keep up a joyous spirit; but, unlike every other occasion, it totally failed.

Keeness of disappointment is measured by the amount of anticipated enjoyment. On the way to receive the honour and distinction that was expected to be conferred, rapture swelled every heart with the prospect. On the return, indignation and deep mortification had the ascendancy, and something nearly allied to them has kept possession of my feelings ever since. 15*

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

In the summer of 18—, some friends from New-England, who had visited the seat of government solely to satisfy a laudable curiosity, expressed an ardent desire to extend it to Mount Vernon. I easily procured letters of introduction to Judge Washington from sources that would insure us a respectful welcome; and having arranged the time and fixed on the mode of going, we set out with high wrought expectations of enjoyment. The fire of patriotism had been kindled anew in each heart, and burnt brighter as the object of the visit was more vividly brought into view. The strongest points in the history of the revolution were discussed; the most prominent deeds of the exalted chieftain descanted upon, of course with strong expressions of love and 173 gratitude for the countless blessings conferred on our common country by his wisdom and matchless valour. Many traditionary and well-told tales and anecdotes of the great and good man, amused us and occupied our time as we progressed on our journey. I recollect, among others, one that pleased me exceedingly, which I do not remember ever to have seen mentioned.

It was related, that while General Washington was passing through the country, on his return south after the battle of Trenton, he stopped to take refreshments in the town of S—; when, as usual, wherever he went, the people crowded around the house, and even into the room where he was sitting, in such numbers as to actually block up the passage way. It was considered a great event to have even seen General Washington; and to have actually taken him by the hand, was a matter that really conferred enviable distinction on the favoured individual. Among others that pressed around the great and good man, there was a child who kept vociferating from time to time, as he manfully urged his way into the

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presence of the General, "I will see General Washington! I will see General Washington!" When having accomplished his task, and having obtained a full view of him, he exclaimed, "*Why, he's only a man!*"

The General most affectionately took the child upon his lap, and replied: "*You are right, my dear child! I am indeed but a man! a frail and sinful one, too!*"

After leaving Alexandria, where we had taken the precaution to have a dinner prepared for us against our return, there is nothing very remarkable in the scenery to interest the traveller. The country is somewhat diversified into hill and dale; and now and then may be seen the evidences of cultivation, and occasionally a mansion house in the distance; but generally the road is through woods, with a few spots of low swampy ground.

In about two hours, after a brisk drive, we came to the gate that opened upon the Mount Vernon estate. It was attended by an aged and gray-headed negro man, whose polite and respectful deportment would of itself have been evidence enough that he had once belonged to the best of masters, and the most accomplished gentleman of his day.

He occupied a cottage near by with his wife, also very aged, and who had been a house servant in the family while the General and Mrs. Washington lived.

It was yet a considerable distance to the mansion house. Having learned with much regret that Judge Washington was from home, we contented ourselves with asking the old servant all sorts of questions relating to the family and the private habits of the General. 175 Among others, a friend from Boston inquired whether the General was as kind and gentle to his people as he was represented to have been? Before he had time to answer this question, another of the party said, "Did the General ever whip you?" or, perhaps, "did he ever cause you to be punished?" The answer was most emphatic in the old man's looks, depicting perfect astonishment; and it was stamped on every feature of his withered and wrinkled time-worn face, as he exclaimed, "*Whip me! the General order me to be punished!*" No, sir! None of the grown up people were ever punished. Sometimes the

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overseers would inflict slight marks upon the youngsters; but to have flogged one of the hands would have lost him his place forever, if nothing worse had befallen him.”

There was no one at the house to receive us when we arrived, except a white labouring man, whom we soon found to be the gardener. Having paid him liberally, more so indeed than propriety or policy should have dictated, we commenced, under his auspices, the examination of the premises.

The gardens were first explored and closely examined. The hot houses were of great extent, and contained a greater number of exotics than I had ever seen before, and were particularly remarkable at that time for the great number of orange and lemon trees; more particularly the latter, which were loaded with fruit. There must have been many thousand lemons on the trees at that time.

I omitted to state, in the order of time, an amusing incident which occurred when we first came in sight of the house, and where we alighted from our carriage. One of our party was so overcome on the occasion, that he actually fell upon his knees, and poured out his praise and thanksgiving for the privilege he then enjoyed of visiting this hallowed spot!

When we had sufficiently gratified our curiosity with inspecting the gardens, we were conducted to the tomb! The tomb of Washington! — This is situated to the south of the dwelling house, near the brow of a gentle declivity, leading down to the Potomac. The excavation of the tomb is made in the side of the hill, and is surrounded and ornamented with a group of small trees, mostly evergreens.

The key was procured, and we were permitted to examine the sacred deposit. In imitation of others who had preceded us, each one was permitted to take a small strip of the black cloth that covered the coffin of the General.

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On leaving the tomb, we were met by a gentleman, a relative of Judge Washington's family, who had heard of our party having letters of introduction, and 177 who invited us to visit the house. This offer, as you may well suppose, was eagerly embraced.

There are so many paintings and engravings of the house at Mount Vernon, that a description is quite superfluous. The view from the front takes in a large extent of landscape both up and down the river, but there is too much sameness in it to be picturesque. To be sure, the Mount Vernon property is eminently so, and has been the subject of the labours of several clever artists.

The first thing that particularly struck my attention, was the *key* of the French Bastile, enclosed in a three-cornered glass case, which was appended to the wall, near the staircase, in the hall. It was sent to *Washington* by *Lafayette*, soon after the demolition of that celebrated fortress in July, 1789. In no age or country has there ever existed a place so famed for being the receptacle of unlawful and disgraceful oppression as this prison; situated in what is now the heart of Paris. Here had been confined many remarkable characters, that figured largely on the stage of the revolution, some of whom were subsequently guillotined.

The demolition of that edifice was the first fruit of the people's power. It was a strong fortress as well as prison, and the capture of it by the populace, almost 178 without arms, — certainly without organization, — was a presage of what subsequently befell France.

The Committee of Public Safety sent a deputation to the governor of the Bastile, to request him to withdraw his cannon out of sight, and not to commit any act of hostility. "The activity of the committee," says *Mignet* the historian; "the apprehension which the fortress inspired; hatred of the abuses which it protected; the necessity of occupying a point so important, and of no longer leaving it to their enemies in a moment of insurrection, drew to it the attention of the multitude. From nine in the morning to two in the afternoon, there had been only one cry from one end of Paris to the other: ' *To the Bastile! To the Bastile!* ' The

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citizens assembled there from all parts of the town in groups, armed with muskets, pikes, and sabres; the crowd which already surrounded it was considerable; the sentinels of the place were posted, and the bridges raised, as in time of war.”

The siege had continued for more than four hours, when the French guards came up with cannon, which induced the surrender of the place, contrary to the wishes of the Governor, *Delaunnay*. The garrison itself had urged the Governor to this step; and, fearing to meet the consequences of the surrender, he advanced, in desperation, with a lighted match in his hand, toward the 179 magazine, intending to have blown up the fortress, and buried himself and all the rest under its ruins. He was seized before he could accomplish his dreadful purpose.

A number of the assailants had been killed in the struggle, and this, with the enthusiasm which pervaded all the lower orders of citizens, led to horrid scenes of anarchy and the massacre of many of the most distinguished and opulent of the inhabitants; and these scenes continued for three or four years, in which Paris and its environs were deluged in blood.

This brief explanation was necessary to assist the reader in forming a proper estimate of the vast and important consequences which resulted from the overthrow of the Bastile; and why Lafayette should have sent the key of it to General Washington.

There is another curious piece of history to be seen at Mount Vernon; and that is, a likeness of the General, taken from a Liverpool pitcher, framed and also appended to the wall of the room, north of the hall. It is represented as embodying more of the spirit and moral force of expression, than any other of the many likenesses now extant of Washington.

It is singular in the history of curious events, that an unknown artist, a worker on common crockery ware of Staffordshire, who had never seen the original, should 16 180 produce the best and most spirited likeness of such a man! And yet so it is! Is such an incident

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imputable to accident alone?. May not admiration of his character, and the recollection of the deeds achieved by the warrior and statesman, have had their influence on his imagination, while portraying the features of the man!

There were other things which interested us in the examination of, till it was time to return home. There is a charm about Mount Vernon which is adduced, probably, in some degree, by natural associations of admiration and gratitude, with the immeasurable benefits conferred on our whole country.

Every object of observation is magnified, and a greater value attached to it, which, under other circumstances, would not be noticed at all. The treeless and extensive sward which covers nearly the whole space of the front from the house to the river, looks fresher and greener at Mount Vernon than it would any where else. The chaste simplicity of the dwelling not exceeding in truth very few, if any, of the numerous country residences scattered throughout the country, is treasured up and made the subject of many drawings and engravings because it was the home of Washington.

It is said, that he never was known to exhibit anger, 181 or use profane language but once, and that was at the battle of Monmouth, New-Jersey. He had given orders to *General Lee* to attack the enemy at some particular point, while he, himself, brought up the main army. To his utter surprise and great consternation, he met that General in full retreat! It is related that he showed the strength of his feelings before he reached *Gen. Lee*, and while galloping toward that officer, by very unusual acts of excitement; and that among others, he crushed and doubled his military hat into sundry unseemly shapes. On reaching him, he strongly demanded the cause of his retreat. The answer was, "Sir, your militia will not stand British grenadiers!" "—you, sir! it is false! *you never tried them!*"

As this was a solitary offence, and was ever after lamented and deplored, it is but charity to believe that "*the recording angel blotted it out with a tear!*"

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The return ride exhibits more extensive and more agreeable views of scenery. As you approach Alexandria, the whole of the federal city is laid open to view, including the Navy Yard and Georgetown. I have already, in another place, spoke of the crescent-like hills which enclose nearly half the city in their embrace, and the grandeur and beauty of the prospect they afford. I have no recollection of ever having seen any of an inland view, to be compared with it; 182 nor can I conceive of any thing to equal it. Our own beautiful bay, and the landscape it develops, is the admiration of all who approach the city by sea; but even here there is lacking that magnificent sublimity which the amphitheatre of hills around Washington impart to the picture as viewed from about Alexandria.

A YOUNG AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

Early in the spring of 1812, only two or three months previous to the declaration of war, a young American, who had been travelling in Ireland on mercantile business, arrived late one afternoon at Dublin from Cork. He had barely time, on leaving the stage, to reach the packet for Liverpool. Indeed, such was the shortness of the time allowed, that a part of his baggage was thrown on board after the fastenings were let go.

The pressure of some important matters which required his immediate presence in London, had hastened his journey; so much so, indeed, that he had not had time to take any refreshments on the road, and it may 16* 184 be readily imagined that our young friend, being in the most perfect health, was rather sharp set for his supper.

After perambulating the deck of the packet for a while, casually surveying matters and things, he inquired of the captain, how soon supper would be ready. The answer was, "At any time that you may please to eat it."

The strangeness of the reply excited no little speculation, and it was very far from being satisfactory. After waiting awhile he ventured again the important inquiry. "Captain," said

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he, "at what time will supper be ready?" "Whenever you are ready for it, sir," said the captain.

By this time the captain had made the discovery that his passenger was a stranger, and very soon put to flight all his expectations of supper, by giving him to understand that it was not his custom to provide provisions for passengers; and that those who neglected so important a matter would have to go without; and added, that he had barely provisions enough for his hands, and, from present appearances, the prospect was not flattering for a speedy passage!

"Well, but captain," said the young man, "what am I to do? You will not surely allow me to starve?."

"I am very sorry to say that I cannot help you, sir. 185 I repeat my former declaration, that I have not provisions enough for my hands on board, if we have any thing like a protracted passage; and there is, from present appearances, almost a certainty that such will be the case."

While this conversation with the master was going on, Mr. H. said that he saw a head suddenly rise above the companion-way, and as suddenly disappear. It came and went so quickly, that he could not have told, if questioned, whether it had been a male or female head.

He resumed his walk on the deck in great perplexity and no little displeasure; and in this humour he continued to pace backward and forward till the shades of night began to thicken round the horizon, and when in the midst of one of his starving cogitations, he was very respectfully accosted by a servant, to know if he was "the gentleman that came on board at Dublin, without having laid in provisions for his passage?"

"Yes," said Mr. H.; "I had not time to procure any, even had I known that such was the custom; but that I did not know." "Will you walk down into the cabin, sir, and take a share

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of our supper? We have already supped, but there is plenty left, and you shall be heartily welcome.”

186 cf. 10. 1887

I was all but famished, and to have hesitated to accept the proffered kindness, through any false delicacy, would have been worse than foolish. I found the table nearly filled with well-dressed and respectable looking ladies and gentlemen. I bowed to the company, took my seat at the table, and went voraciously to work with knife and fork. I was in truth too hungry to think of any thing else. At the head of the table there sat an elderly and venerable looking old gentleman who carried on a conversation, in an under tone of voice, with the persons nearest to him; but of its nature I did not hear nor did I care.

After I had eaten some time, long enough, indeed, to have satisfied an ordinary appetite, — and although it was somewhat appeased, still it was not fully satisfied, — I began to think it was quite time to show that I had been accustomed to good society, and to place myself in an attitude to speak and to be spoken to. So, suiting the action to the thought, I laid down my implements of mastication and waited the result.

The old gentleman very soon commenced the conversation by making inquiries as to what I had seen in Ireland, and the state of the country, to all of which I answered fully and with great freedom. I had seen something of it, and had pondered a great deal more on the wretched condition of a very large body of the lower 187 orders of the people, and I did not hesitate to impute much of it as a consequence of their being badly governed. I spoke warmly and feelingly of their destitute condition, of the absence of every moral example, and the entire neglect of all moral culture. Their actions showed that they were, to a great extent, malicious and vindictive, and abundantly capable of perpetrating crimes of great magnitude, when their unrestrained passions led the way; and frequently inflamed and put in motion by the free use of intoxicating drink.

They listened with marked attention to my remarks, and, as I thought, with no inconsiderable surprise. About this time I bethought myself that it would be quite proper and becoming in me to let them know who it was that was partaking of their hospitality; so I took out a card that had my name engraved upon it, and with my pencil added, "Boston, U.S. of America." This I sent to the old gentleman at the head of the table. If they had been interested and surprised with my volubility on the state of Ireland, it was greatly increased when they found that I was an American. The old gentleman in particular manifested considerable reluctance to admit such a truth: "Why, young man,—Mr. H. I should say,—your parents then must have been English?"

"No, sir; I am a genuine full-blooded Yankee."

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This changed the current of the conversation; and the probability of a war, and its consequences, became the next subject, not of discussion, because their object seemed to be to obtain facts and opinion, from me, without committing themselves, at least very sparingly.

"Well, young man,—Mr. H—, I should say,"—continued the old gentleman, "I suppose you will admit, that in the event of a contest, and our vessels of War should come into contact with yours, we should capture yours?"

I shook my head by way of dissent, which drew from him an exclamation,

"Why, young man,—Mr. H—, I should say,—give us your reasons for not believing that such would be the result."

"Well, sir, as you ask for my reasons for differing with you in relation to the result of a supposed rencounter, should we unfortunately become involved in a war, I trust that you will not be offended if I speak some truths that will not be quite palatable for you to hear."

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“Go on, young man, speak freely,—I should say Mr. H—. I am greatly interested, and I confess somewhat instructed, with your conversation.”

“Very well, sir; I then assume these facts, that in 189 case our frigates meet, we shall bring into the contest equal skill, and a greater degree of moral and physical power than you possess! I speak particularly of this class of vessels, because if our commanders have the knowledge and skill to manoeuvre a fleet or a squadron in battle, we have not the ships; and therefore whenever there is a contest, it must be single-handed. First, then, our frigates that are rated 44 guns, actually carry nearly 60 guns; and they are of heavier metal than yours. Again, in gunnery we are superior, inasmuch as our men are trained not to fire till they can sight the object; whereas yours load and fire without such precision.”

This information was evidently new, and Seemed to excite something more than surprise; it may not have been alarm, but it was something nearly allied to it. The eldest, especially, did not hesitate to express his surprise.

After a brief pause, he said, “Pray, young man.—Mr. H—I should say, — how came you, who are not a sailor, but a merchant, as you say, to know these facts, and which you state with such perfect confidence of their truth?”

“When I have done, sir, with my statement, and have satisfied you that the position I have assumed is correct, I will cheerfully answer any questions that 190 you may be pleased to put to me. I have said that our vessels possess greater physical and moral power than yours. Among the men that compose the crews of our frigates, there are probably one quarter of them that are foreigners; and a large majority of these are English, who have in a great many instances deserted your service, and rather than be captured, would fight with great desperation: the rest are our own native bred Yankees; and there are very few of these but what can read and write, and know enough of arithmetic to understand and keep accounts, and have studied navigation. With your leave, I will further illustrate this moral power among our seamen, by supposing a case like this. An American vessel on a

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voyage has the misfortune to lose her commander. If this fact was known at the Insurance office, it would not increase the premium of insurance, because the mate would be equally capable of navigating the vessel, and the second mate would be fully competent to take the first mate's place. And nearly every man of the crew would be found quite capable to fill a second mate's birth; because, in addition to their practical experience, they have all been taught navigation. Beside, our seamen have become so from choice. There is no compulsion in the matter. If their parents disapprove of their taking to the water as a profession, the utmost restraint they would use would be in the shape of action. All the boys of New-England, with perhaps very few exceptions, are as well educated as I am. The common schools of our country teach all the minor branches of education, such as, in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic,—geography and grammar; and in many instances, they are taught Latin.

I have already stated that they listened with marked attention to my statements. There was anxiety as well as curiosity manifested among them by these recitals. Further and protracted observation, convinced me that I had got among rather a better sort of travellers: there was quiet and placid dignity of deportment, unusual in every day society, more especially among the ladies of the party, that assured me they belonged to the higher ranks of life; still my conjectures never led me to suppose that they were anything more than well educated private gentlefolks.

After I had received their thanks for the entertainment I had afforded them, and just as I was about to take my leave, the old gentleman said, "Is it not time, *your grace*, to retire to rest?" The answer was, "I think it is *Omy Lord!*"

The old gentleman was *Admiral Lord Keith*, the other's name I did not learn, or if I did, thirty years of time has driven it from my memory. We landed the next 17 192 morning. They continued their civility and kindness to me, to the last, and even extended their condescension so far, as to press me to accompany their party to London! I was weak enough to refuse. Although, I had tact enough not to show or express any surprise when

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I discovered their rank, nevertheless, with all my republican pride, and the consciousness too that in general information I was their equal; yet their high rank, and exalted station in life, rather disqualified me for mixing familiarly again with them.

We parted with warm expressions of regard on their part, and I with a suitable apology for the great freedom with which I had spoken my opinions.

SCENES OF A SOLDIER.

About seven miles southwest of the city of Brussels lies the beautiful village of W—, or perhaps it might with more propriety be called a hamlet, where dwelt a widow lady and her daughter. They had retired from Paris, to enjoy in this quiet and peaceful retirement a small but sufficient income; sufficient indeed for all the comforts, and many of the embellishments of life. The daughter was highly accomplished, and in full possession of all the charms that beauty and captivating manners circle around youth and innocence. They had been only a few years in this enviable abode, when the return of Napoleon Bonaparte from Elba, threw a large force of English and other troops into the Netherlands, and Brussels became the head quarters of the 194 combined English and Flemish armies. “It was my lot,” says the narrator, who was a British officer, “to be stationed at W—, where I was billeted on Madame G—. Their polished and amiable manners, soon won my admiration and esteem, and I became much attached, and interested in their welfare. Being myself a husband and father, and verging closely on old age, a mutual confidence, freely interchanged, was soon established between us. It was not long before it appeared that Clarissa was affianced to a young officer in our own army, and that her whole heart and affections were concentrated in her betrothed. The gallant soldier was not one whit behind her in the ardour of his love. There was an intenseness and warmth of attachment in Clarissa for the young soldier, more dear than life itself, and such as I had never seen before. I mentioned to Madame G—, the great danger of indulging in so much enthusiasm; how much wiser it would be to govern and regulate by reason the passion that was hurrying her daughter into almost certain misery. She admitted the fact, but as an

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excuse for her darling child, she said "Clarissa was young and more ardently susceptible, constitutionally so, than was usual even among girls of her age; she is the only tie I have left on earth, and I have not the heart to cross her inclinations. She is deeply enamoured, and I think there is no room to doubt 195 but that the feeling is reciprocally strong. I fear, my friend, we must even let them have their own way in this matter."

Business, relating to my regiment, called me to a distance for several days: on my return, I found the young officer at the house, come to take his leave of the distressed family. The battle of Quatre Bras had been fought, and all the troops were on the move for the scene of conflict. A battle of greater magnitude was on the eve of being decided, and every one was in hurried requisition for the occasion. The parting of the lovers was far more distressing than I can describe. There were united in the person of the brave young lieutenant, as many of the graces of a gentleman, as could be found concentrated in any single individual. His form was finely proportioned, and nobleness was stamped in every lineament of his manly face. He did not belong to my command; nevertheless, I knew him well, and a finer fellow and a better officer was not to be found in the army. It was therefore no marvel that with such attractions he had inspired the young and sensitive Clarissa with a deep rooted affection.

"I have escaped so often," said he to me, "in the numerous engagements in which I have been a participator, that I think my time is now come, and the struggle in which we are about to take a part will end 17* 196 fatally to me. I am not superstitious, and am not in the practice of allowing such sentiments to have a lodgement among my thoughts; yet I cannot resist the constantly repeated whispers of such a fact, which come to me on every breeze."

He literally tore himself from her embraces, and with the benediction of us all, he hurried off to his regiment. There is something indescribably beautiful in the speaking features of a lovely girl of high birth and gentle manners, when bathed in tears. The lustre of her speaking eyes was brightened by the tears within, whose radiance, through the light,

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shone like brilliants. A more lovely and devoted creature I had never seen. Not to have deeply sympathized with them in their distress, a man must have had a heart of stone. I said all that could be said to sooth and cheer their broken spirits, and, having completed all my arrangements, started with a heavy heart for the advancing army.

Before the lovers parted, she had given him a small locket, containing a slip of her hair, as a memento of her affection. This he had hung round his neck, and placed the treasure in his bosom.

I shall not attempt any description of the scene that presented itself after the battle of Waterloo, because it would be impossible to paint the situation of the heaps of dead and dying. As I slowly wended my way out of 197 the field where lay thousands of slaughtered brave men, both friends and foes, my eyes rested on the form of a young English officer, partly covered over with other dead bodies, and besmeared with blood. I pulled him out from among the mangled bodies which partly covered him, and found that my fears were too truly realized; it was the unfortunate, the noble, and brave Lieutenant Darnley. As I stood over him, lamenting his hard fate, and thinking of the anguish that would rend the bosom of the lovely girl when the news of his death should reach her, it occurred to me that I would secure the locket which I knew was in his bosom. For this purpose I knelt down, and was in the act of opening it, when his senses returned like a flash of light. He threw his arms over the spot with a convulsive grasp, which seemed to say, touch not the holy relic. I soon had him removed to one of the nearest hospital establishments, where his wounds could be examined and dressed. He could speak but little. He considered himself as one among the dead. He had no hope or expectation of recovering, and in the list of killed and wounded was gazetted as wounded mortally. He requested me to take the locket to Clarissa with his dying love, and to assure her that his last parting breath should ascend to heaven, invoking blessings on her head!

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It had been decided on by the commander-in-chief that I should be despatched to England with the official news of the engagement I had, therefore, no time left me for any further care or attendance upon my friend. All that I could do was to commend him to the attentions of some of the medical gentlemen, which I did, and then, with a full heart and a woman's eyes, we parted forever!

Being the bearer of government despatches my facilities for travelling were every thing my wishes and the nature of the intelligence demanded. I travelled therefore with unceasing expedition. Within one stage of the coast where I expected to embark, as I was mounting my horse, having one foot in the stirrup, something started him and I fell, one end of my sabre sticking in the ground, and the other had penetrated my left side, breaking two of my ribs. In this deplorable condition it was utterly impossible for me to proceed, and the despatches were transferred to another, a trusty messenger. Here I was confined several weeks, my general health greatly impaired, and my spirits at the lowest ebb. At length I reached England, and once more tasted the sweets of domestic life in my happy home, surrounded by my incomparable wife and dear children. Time brought no healing on its wings to me; if anything, my health grew worse, and the promise made to *Darnley*, 199 together with the forlorn situation of the widow and her daughter, weighed upon my spirits. I felt that the hand of death was pressing me slowly, but certainly, down to the grave, and that but little time was left me to restore the locket, as I had pledged myself to do, to the unfortunate Clarissa. I named these considerations to my dearest wife, who readily admitted the propriety of them, and kindly offered to accompany me to the Netherlands.

Death is unwelcome at any time; but to feel the gradual approach of it; to separate forever from the dearest ties of earth; to bid adieu to the wife of my bosom and the mother of my children; she who had been the companion of my thoughts and the sharer of all my joys and sorrows for nearly thirty years, was more than I had the equanimity to submit to. Then, again, the children whose affectionate endearments had wound round the heart of the old soldier, till its current was smooth and happy, turbid or uneven, keeping pace with

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their welfare. But die I must, and soon too; and to one that had faced death on numerous battle fields, it mattered but little where I met it. So we set out for the Netherlands. The meeting was cordial and affectionate. I found two widows where I had left only one. Days passed, and yet I had not the courage to break the affair of the locket to Clarissa. I could not find it in 200 my nature to open afresh a broken and a bleeding heart,—to distress her with a repetition of the scenes of the battle field,—of his wounds, and the last sad words which I was commissioned to bear to her as his parting breath. After repeated consultations with my dear Emily,—good and amiable creature,—she agreed to break the matter to Clarissa. While absent on her benevolent intention, and while closeted with Clarissa and her mother for that purpose, I received letters from England, and among them was one that had been sent to several different places for me, as was indicated by the various post marks, and in a handwriting with which I was entirely unacquainted. You will share with me in my astonishment when I tell you it was from Darnley—the noble and brave Lieutenant Darnley. He had recovered sufficiently to write, and was in a fair way of regaining his health completely! Indeed he was out of danger! Here was a change of things as unexpected as it was delightful! My Irish heart and warm imagination began to figure out the time when the lovers would meet,—their joy and happiness,—the good widow's delight in the sudden and marvellous change of fortune which this happy news brought to her beloved daughter! I rang the bell for my dear wife. She came from the mourners' room with her face suffused with tears. I gave her Darnley's 201 letter. Off she ran with the delightful news, and would not even wait for the words of caution that I was speaking, not to be too sudden to break it to Clarissa. Being once more alone, I began again to ponder over the wonderful changes which had come over the whole house, when I was surprised with a tap at my door. Supposing it was one of the servants, or a stray and wounded soldier, as they were daily passing the house, and were always in want of some trifle of help, I bid him to walk in, without turning my face to see who it was. The door opened, and some one came in; hearing no voice, I turned myself round to face the visiter, and there stood Lieutenant Darnley!

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We remained long enough to see the happy couple united in holy wedlock, and then returned to merry England.

MR. B—.

It is nearly, or quite, twenty years since a negro man, by the name of Anderson, was tried in the Sessions for murder. There were some remarkable coincidents in respect to the evidence produced on that occasion, as there always will be where circumstantial evidence alone is relied upon to convict the accused. The evidence, as far as I recollect it at this distant day, went to prove that the prisoner had been actuated to commit the crime by jealousy. The knife with which the deed was performed, belonged to the prisoner. The man killed was well known to have been in the practice of visiting the prisoner's wife, and that both had been warned of the consequences. These, and probably other well established facts, left little doubt on the public mind that 203 Anderson had committed the murder, and that there was no escape for him.

The public prosecutor was extensively and well known for his great powers of analysis and *acumen*, and was, ordinarily, more than a match with his opponents, where argument was to influence a jury. On such occasions as a trial for murder, it is the practice of the court to assign some one, or more, of the ablest men of the bar, to defend the prisoner, when too poor to employ counsel for himself. On this occasion, a young man who had but very recently settled here, was selected by the court to defend. Anderson. There was associated with him a gentleman somewhat advanced in years, and who had been a member of the New-York bar for a long time; highly respectable, but not eminent. Mr. B., the young man alluded to, I had known intimately in the western country, where he had made his debut in his profession. This was at Cincinnati. He had been sometime there before I knew him, but had not advanced much in general estimation. He had not as yet tried his wings, to see how high and successfully he could soar in a profession that depends very much for success on popular rhetorical powers. An occasion soon presented itself for a beginning. There was a meeting of the citizens of the Queen City, to select a

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suitable candidate to represent that district in Congress. It was 18 204 held in the court-house. The contest lay between Ethan Stone, a gentleman of great personal worth and universally respected for his integrity and a high sense of honour, and John H. Piatt, a self made energetic and enterprising man; exceedingly popular among mechanics and labouring men. Mr. B. had been ushered into business under the auspices of the former gentleman; and being naturally of an ardent and enthusiastic temper, he took a warm interest in the proceedings, and went to the meeting prepared to do all in his power to get hie friend nominated. I had then only been in the place a few days, and knew not the merits of either gentlemen sufficiently, to have understandingly given a preference to either. Curiosity, however, as well as a desire to hear Mr. B. make his maiden speech, induced me to attend. There was very little opportunity offered to exhibit oratorical powers, as the number of Mr. Piatt's friends was two to one of the others, and it is very probable that it was well for Mr. B.'s reputation as a speaker, that it was so; for all the attempts that he did make were awkward and without any display of that eloquence he afterward attained.

But to return to the trial of Anderson. As on all such occasions there is a great throng, so on this the largest room in the City Hall was crowded with spectators. It is difficult to conceive of a more imposing 205 spectacle than was presented on this trial. The witnesses had all been examined on both sides during the day, and the court had been adjourned to hear the arguments in the evening. When I entered the court room, as I did by a side door near the judge's seat, there was not a whisper to be heard. The lights about the judgment seat, and the clerk's table, and round about the counsel board, were numerous and brilliant; and being reflected as they were upon the faces of three thousand or more spectators, as were supposed to be present, presented a scene of lively and thrilling interest. Beside the brilliant spectacle and the awful occasion of it, there was impressed upon my mind a deep solicitude for the reputation of my friend, now making his first essay before a New-York tribunal, and before a bar eminently qualified by learning and long experience to judge of such matters. This was not all. Since my acquaintance

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with him in the west, rumour had reached me that his habits of sobriety were not so exemplary and praiseworthy as formerly.

He soon espied me and invited me to take a seat by his side. I did so. But I thought of nothing and could scarcely see anything but my friend B. The first part of his defence of Anderson was a strong drawn picture of the prejudice that almost universally exists against the poor blacks. Having laid this ground-work, and 206 cautioned the jury against any bias of that nature, he went on to handle and sift the evidence. "I can show you," said he, "gentlemen of the jury, much stronger evidence in East's Reports, (I think it was,) of a man murdered, as was supposed, by a son. The deceased was an old man, and was found in an out house, where he had been to milk a cow or cows. There had been a slight fall of snow, which enabled the investigators to fit the young man's shoes to the marks left in the snow; and further, as if the hand of Providence was in the work of detection, they traced the footsteps to his chamber, and in a drawer of his bureau they found his hammer and knife, both stained with the blood of his murdered father! And yet, gentlemen of the jury, the young man was innocent! His sister committed the murder; and years after her brother had expiated his imputed guilt upon the scaffold, she confessed the crime! Her father had unforgivingly offended her by refusing his assent to her marriage with an unworthy man. She dressed her feet in her brother's shoes, took his hammer and knife from the place already described, and followed her poor old father into the cow.house, where she first knocked him on the head with the hammer, and then cut his throat with the knife!

"There is," continued he, "a still stronger case, where circumstantial evidence convicted the innocent, 207 while the guilty escaped almost without suspicion. A gentleman with his servant stopped at a country tavern in England, with a considerable sum of money in his possession. Two gentlemen, who slept in an adjoining room, heard a noise, like a person in distress. After a short consultation they agreed to investigate the matter; and on going into the chamber of the unfortunate gentleman, they found the landlord of the house standing over the murdered man, with a large, sharp carving knife, yet dripping with the blood of the murdered victim! He was tried, convicted, and hung; and yet he did

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not commit the murder! He suffered justly; for he went with the intention of committing it; but on reaching the bed of his intended victim, he was so horrified to find the unfortunate gentleman yet bleeding, with his throat cut from ear to ear, that his knife dropped from his palsied hand into the blood, and was discovered at the moment he had recovered the knife! The gentleman's own servant did the bloody deed, and, years after, on his death bed, confessed the fact!"

After throwing all the doubts that ingenuity could invent and that eloquence could enforce upon the testimony against Anderson, he closed the argument with a powerful appeal to the jury to be cautious how they rendered against his client on circumstantial testimony only.

Anderson was acquitted! Mr. B. was found a few 18* 208 days after dead in his bed—having expired without any previous complaint, and without the least struggle or noise of any kind!

A brief sketch of his life is not without interest. He was the son of a distinguished gentleman of one of the Eastern States, who had obtained great eminence at the bar, and was still more celebrated as a politician. Mr. B. was of a feeble frame naturally, and a wound which he received in a duel increased his physical debility. He entered Harvard College at an early age, and graduated with éclat. It was while he was a student at law that he became involved in a controversy that did not originate with him; and which terminated, as already noticed, in a duel. He was wounded severely, and was confined a long time by the severity of the wound. He recovered, and resumed his studies, and finally was admitted to practice. Soon after this he married the daughter of a gentleman who filled a large space in public estimation, both as a jurist and a judge. Without making any attempt to practise his profession in his native state, he removed with his accomplished lady to Ohio, and settled, as I have before noticed, at Cincinnati. Here he rose gradually in public estimation, and had his conduct been governed by prudent discretion, he would have soon shone as a brilliant star in the west. No one that knew him would deny that 209 he

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possessed extraordinary talents for the profession which he had chosen and which he loved.

There was, however, another subject which occupied a great deal too much of his thoughts and kept his mind always on the stretch, and on which he was decidedly a *monomaniac*. This was *duelling*. Most men would go about preparing for such a conflict with a due regard to its possible or probable termination; but with this gentleman it was the reverse. The prospect of a duel tilted his heart with perfect delight! He evinced all the ardour and pleasure that most people exhibit when preparing for a party of pleasure. The mere mention of a duel produced so much excitement that he could not rest in his seat. A stranger, to have heard him hold forth on such occasions, would have been very apt to have mistaken the cause, and to have set him down for a common bravo. It was not so; but it proceeded from a passion which he could not control, and which, like a strong current, swept away, for the time being, every other consideration. When the fit was on, I have known him, in very cold and inclement weather, take his pistols and journey off some distance into the country, where he could *practise* without interruption for hours together. His physical disability led him to adopt, instead of the usual practice of firing at a target, line shooting, That is, to suspend a small cord in front of some large object, a fence or a tree, and then fire at the line. This plan precludes the necessity of taking particular aim at any stationary mark, or sighting an object, so long as the sight is kept on the line. He was game to the backbone, and withal, as may well be supposed, from long and constant practice, a good shot. In an unguarded and excited moment I consented to bear a challenge for him to a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, and who had been my legal adviser. He, suspecting my errand, refused to receive any communication unless delivered in the presence of his friends and family. It was extremely fortunate for me that he adopted this determination; for, excited as I was, it is quite probable that I might have performed some act of outrage that would have disgraced me forever, had he granted me a private hearing and refused to receive the invitation, Be that as it may, I have ever regretted the folly of the transaction.

However paradoxical it may appear, Mr. B. was naturally tender-hearted and susceptible of warm and gentle emotions; and would not, if in his power to avoid it, have trod on a worm! With all the rare gifts of which nature had been most bountiful, he lacked prudence and self-control. For the sake of his reputation and the consolation of his many friends, it pleased Him in whom are all things, to cut him short at an early day. Had he continued to live, with prudence at the helm of his career, he would have shone conspicuously bright, and as a star of great magnitude. But it was ordered otherwise; and like many others of surpassing genius, the frame which enclosed it was not strong enough to contain the spirit that governed and directed its display.

THE MISTAKE.

Previous to the battle of Bladensburgh and the capture of Washington, the appearance of the English fleet in the Patuxent caused alarm and consternation among the heads of departments. It was well known and fully understood that the force under the intrepid Commodore Barney could not cope with the powerful fleet of the enemy. It was also well understood that Barney had retreated with the flotilla under his command into the Patuxent; that he was hotly pursued by the foe; and that no alternative would be left him but that either he must capitulate and become prisoners of war, or destroy his boats and take to his land tack.

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The government were well enough acquainted with these general facts; but a more minute detail of the movements of the enemy became necessary, in order that the forces destined to drive back the invaders might act efficiently. The danger was too great,—there was too much at stake, to leave this information to be obtained by an inferior officer. One of the most powerful ingredients of an army is accurate geographical and topographical information of the scenes of action. There were divers opinions, too, as to the ultimate objects that Admiral Cockburn had in view in moving so large a force up that river. Many believed that, upon the destruction of Barney's flotilla, he would gladly retreat from

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apparently so perilous a position. To obtain, therefore, information which the government could rely on, became exceedingly desirable. No demonstration had yet been made of the number of troops that they would be able to land, should their object be the destruction of Washington. Col. Monroe, Secretary of State, and subsequently President of the United States, had volunteered to go down to the Patuxent to reconnoitre, and possess himself of such information as was, in this critical state of things, so very desirable.

On moving into the District, I was compelled by public sentiment to belong to some kind of military force; and having formerly had some trifling experience as a 214 cavalry soldier, I joined a troop of horse, commanded by my near neighbour and friend, Capt. W. This troop, about forty in number, was selected to escort Col. Monroe to the reconnoitre. My military experience had not been much, and the little that I had seen only served to diminish my respect and esteem for the whole militia system. Ordinarily those that you are compelled to mix with have a strong tendency to divest virtue of her garb of loveliness and to brutalize the mind. Excepting the officers, there was not a gentleman belonging to the troop. Obscene and vulgar conversation, with a general deportment to correspond, were not sufficiently fascinating to bring me into a love of the arts of war; especially as I saw it practised by the militia, and was compelled to participate in it myself. There were many honourable exceptions to this in the District. Some of as well disciplined companies, composed of the best citizens, as could be found anywhere, belonging to the District, were then in the field; and had their discipline and courage been tested, a different result would have been seen at the battle of Bladensburgh. This is no time nor place to fight that battle over again; but I take this occasion to say, *en passant*, a more sorry, pusilanimous affair rarely, if ever, disgraced a whole people.

During our brief encampment we were constantly 215 visited by our friends and neighbours; some with messages of kind remembrance, and some with delicate presents of creature comforts, and all had a word of encouragement and advice to bestow. Mr.

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R., a native of Maryland, and whom I am proud to call friend, said, "You will pass by the Woodyard: if you can get a chance to stop, do so. You will be well entertained."

"Who keeps it?" said I.

"Oh, Dick W.; he is a cousin of mine. Make use of my name. He is a capital fellow, and you will fare well."

The next morning we were put in motion, and soon were on our way to the Patuxent, with our venerable and excellent leader at our head. The country through which our route lay is a light clay soil, with occasional exceptions. The peninsula, notwithstanding, which is formed by the Potomac and the Patuxent, contains much excellent land and is a fine wheat country. The sun shone powerfully, and being unaccustomed to its rays, without a shade to soften them, I soon began to experience a violent headache, accompanied with other evidences of a bilious attack. With great difficulty I kept my saddle and my place in the troop till we halted for the night.

I had taken the precaution to put up, among other little "*nick-nacks*," a few bottles of the essence of lemon, 19 216 which proved on this occasion to me invaluable. Being on the sick list, I was indulged with a corner of the room occupied by Col. Monroe. With such materials as I had with me I made my bed, with the saddle for a pillow, and laid down. I shall always retain a lively and grateful recollection of the kindness and attention paid to me during that night by that gentleman. He mixed my drink for me, and handed it with all the simplicity and attention of a practised nurse, He walked the room the whole night. I am not aware of his lying down or sleeping during the whole time. He expressed. constant dissatisfaction with the state of things. The want, or absence, of suitable preparation of defence seemed to occupy most of his cogitations. It was, in effect, an open invitation to the enemy to burn and destroy. In addition to our destitution of well disciplined troops in fact as well as in number, I have gosh reason to believe that Col. M. had but little confidence in the chiefs who had the command of such as we had, and bad as they were.

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I think I have never seen a more thoughtful or more amiable face than Col. Monroe possessed: one of those kind of countenances that would be sure to attract distress, and draw to it the afflicted and disconsolate, for sympathy and support. The frost of more than fifty winters, to use a classical figure, had whitened his head; 217 but it had had no influence in cooling a warm and benevolent heart. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a man that united so many of the graces of a Christian and a gentleman.

He advised me not to think of proceeding with the troop, but by all means to return home so soon as I felt sufficiently strong to do so; and enforced this advice with sundry kind admonitions before we separated. I never spoke with him afterward. He succeeded Mr. Madison in the Presidency, and died in the city of New York in the year 1831. The public evinced their estimation of his worth and gratitude for his services to his country, by a more numerous attendance on the funeral obsequies than was ever before seen in this country.

The escort had been gone several hours, when, feeling much better, I took up my line of march for home, with the intention of availing myself of my friend R.'s advice by stopping at the "Woodyard" for the night. It would be an easy stage to reach home early the next day without too much fatigue. Being entirely a stranger in that part of the country, I took the precaution to interrogate all I met, and even went several times quite out of the way to call at houses off from the road, to know whether I was in the right way to the "Woodyard;" and whether it was a good place to stop at for the night. The replies were uniformly the same,—that Mr. W. 218 was a gentleman, and that I might be certain of good entertainment.

As I travelled very slow, not only on account of my late illness, but to avail myself frequently of a kind shade to rest and to recover from the intolerable heat that oppressed me, I did not reach the "Woodyard" till the sun had been down some time. It was, however, yet light enough to make the observation' that it had more the appearance of a private gentleman's residence than a tavern. Still there could be no mistake, because my friend R. had said so, and every body on the road had said that I should certainly find good

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accommodations here. I scanned the premises thoroughly, and remarked that there appeared to have been several additions made to the buildings from time to time. There was first a large two story building which had the appearance of having been the original mansion house; and then wings had been built, as the family increased in numbers and were in want of larger accommodations. The buildings were not painted. There was a neat fence, the like often seen around old country dwellings, composed of narrow strips of boards, planed smooth, with space enough between each to put your arm through without any hinderance. There was, in short, an air of settled importance and country respectability about the appearance of the 219 place, that made me rather doubtful, notwithstanding all the pains I had taken to make myself sure, whether there was not yet some mistake as to the identity of the place. I looked sharply about for the tavern signboard, but could see nothing like a sign of public accommodation. As the black man came running to take my horse, and in the most respectful manner raised his hat, and in his master's name welcomed me to the hospitalities of the house, I again said, "This is the Woodyard, is it not?"

"Oh yes, sir; master is not at home, but will soon be: walk in, sir."

"What's your name—John?"

"Yes, sir;" with a stare of wonder that I should have guessed his name.

"Well, John, take good care of my horse; and, do you hear,—when he is well cooled, give a half bushel of oats, with plenty of hay," &c.

"Oh yes, sir, we always feeds well, sir,"

In I went, and divested myself of sword, cap, &c.; but finding no one to communicate with, I took my seat on the porch, and renewed my cogitations about the remarkable difference found to exist between the habits of the north and the south. Here is a celebrated tavern, known and visited apparently by every body in this section of country, without a sign, shed,

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19* 220 or bar-room, and yet doing a large business. Queer customs and a queer people I concluded I had got amongst; but what need I to care? It was a tavern, and a good one too; and according to the estimation of the great Doctor Johnson, that when thus snugly domiciled, it was like “having one foot in heaven.”

Twilight was fast disappearing, and no one had made appearance to receive my orders for refreshments, when I was agreeably awakened by hearing a man's voice inquiring in a disappointed tone for me. Immediately I was joined by a gentlemanly looking man, about forty years of age, who apologized for my having been left so long without attentions. Inquired which way I came, and the news from the enemy. I informed him that I belonged to the escort of Col. Monroe, but had been obliged to return home in consequence of sudden ill health; and that I had taken the route by his house, in order to make easy stages to get home. “Mr. W.” said I, “what have you got good to drink?”

“Some old Monongahela whisky; and I believe,” said he, “that I have a little good French brandy left.”

“Either will answer,” said I, “before supper.”

“I fear,” said he, “that you will not fare so well as I could wish. We had a saddle of mutton roasted 221 for dinner, and if you like mutton, we shall get along very well, with the addition of some good bacon.”

I then thought it time and well enough to let him know who I was, out of regard to my friend R's recommendation before leaving home. I was again welcomed in the kindest and in the most courteous manner to the Woodyard. We supped very cheerfully together, and at my request a bottle of old wine was brought, more to let Mr. W. see that he had not a niggard at his house, than any inclination I had to drink wine.

At a suitable time I requested to be shown to bed. A light was taken by a black man, not John, but one that waited at supper,—who led the way to an upper room. As soon as I

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got into it, I was forcibly struck that it had not the appearance of a tavern accommodation; but if so, it was on a scale of comfort not usually seen in country taverns. While I stood looking, and making these reflections, it occurred to me that I would be sure that I was right through the servant who held the light. So I said: "You have a good deal of company at your house at times, do you not?"

"Oh yes, sir; master has a good many friends, and so has mistress, that visit our house."

"Yes; but you have also a good many travellers and strangers that call?"

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"No, sir. It is very seldom that any one calls here that master or mistress is not acquainted with,—very seldom any others."

I was on the point Of asking how the tavern was supported, when it occurred that I had better ask the question at once. I then said, "how long has Mr. W. kept tavern?"

"Tavern, sir? Master *Dick W.* does not keep tavern!"

I seized the light and down I flew to Mr. W., with such apologies as I could offer for the egregious error and folly I had fallen into, in supposing that his house was a tavern. My conscience told me all the while that I was acting under a spell, a delusion,—but such was the strength of the first impression, that I went on blundering till the bedroom opened my eyes.

It is now nearly five and twenty years since this mistake occurred, and as often as I think of it, my cheeks mantle with shame.

It is a curious fact, alike honourable to the hospitality and simplicity of this section of country, that there are no such things as houses of public accommodation for money in any part of it.

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The door of every planter in the southern parts of Maryland is thrown wide open on the approach of the stranger; and he receives a welcome that is only felt ²²³ and dispensed by the free hand and noble heart of these southerners.

I was then all but a stranger to the ways and customs of that part of the country. I know them better now.

MR. CURRAN, THE GREAT IRISH ORATOR.

The personal appearance of this eminent man indicated anything but what he was. He was rather under the middling height, and had the look of a journeyman mechanic dressed out in his holiday clothes. There was a great dinner given at the Freemason's Tavern, in celebration of some event of reform, at which a large number of noblemen and gentlemen had assembled to participate. "I was there," said my informant, "a young man just called to the practice of the law, full of zeal in the great cause of reform, of course active and untiring in my efforts in aid of it. It was understood that Mr. Curran was to take a distinguished part in this celebration. I had never seen him, and was the more anxious to see and hear one who at that day stood unsurpassed in eloquence in the estimation of the reform party. He was the giant of the day, equally celebrated as a statesman and an orator, by all classes. In order to hear and enjoy the speeches that were anticipated, I made my way, as near as I could, to the upper end of the tables where the more distinguished ²²⁵ speakers were usually seated. The stewards of the ceremony ordered me, with many others, farther down; and unfortunately, as I supposed, I was placed at table between two who had nothing in their looks to distinguish either as gentlemen of standing or fashion. Indeed, at that time, dress, in my estimation, was one of the strongest characteristics of a gentleman. Having taken a cursory view of my companion at table, I made up my mind that I had got between two vulgar citizens, and that they should be amused and surprised at the extent of my acquirements before the ceremonies were over. I have already said I was young, and full of zeal in the cause; I was more, for having the gift of gab, to use a vulgarism, became loquaciously flippanant in my

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inquiries and remarks. I said to the gentleman on my left, "I understand Mr. Curran, the great Irish orator is present, and we are to have a speech from him!"

"So I understands," was the reply.

"Do you know him?" I continued.

"Yes," was the brief answer.

"Is he as great a man as he is cracked up to be?" said I.

"No," said my companion. "I think he is much overrated by the public; and when you hear him, you will doubtless be of my opinion."

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It was not long before a toast was given complimentary to Ireland, and to Mr. Curran individually. I was on the tiptoe of expectation. I stretched out my neck, and half rose from my seat to catch a glimpse of the great man so soon as he should rise, But all was quiet. My heart beat with anxious anticipations, and I had come to the conclusion that Mr. Curran had disappointed the meeting, and was not present, when my companion on my left rose and stood erect. I should inevitably have pulled him down by the skirts of his coat, so indignant were my feelings and surprise with his impudence, had it not been for the burst of applause that followed. Cheers long, loud and continued, almost drowned every sensation. *It was Mr. Curran himself!* Oh! how overwhelmed was I with shame and deep mortification! I felt as if I could have crawled into any hole, however small, to hide my shame. He spoke for nearly two hours with a power of eloquence that language is utterly inadequate to describe. There is, in the Irish intonations of speech, a racy richness unequalled. It gives force and importance to points in a controversy that would be little thought of, coming from ordinary speakers.